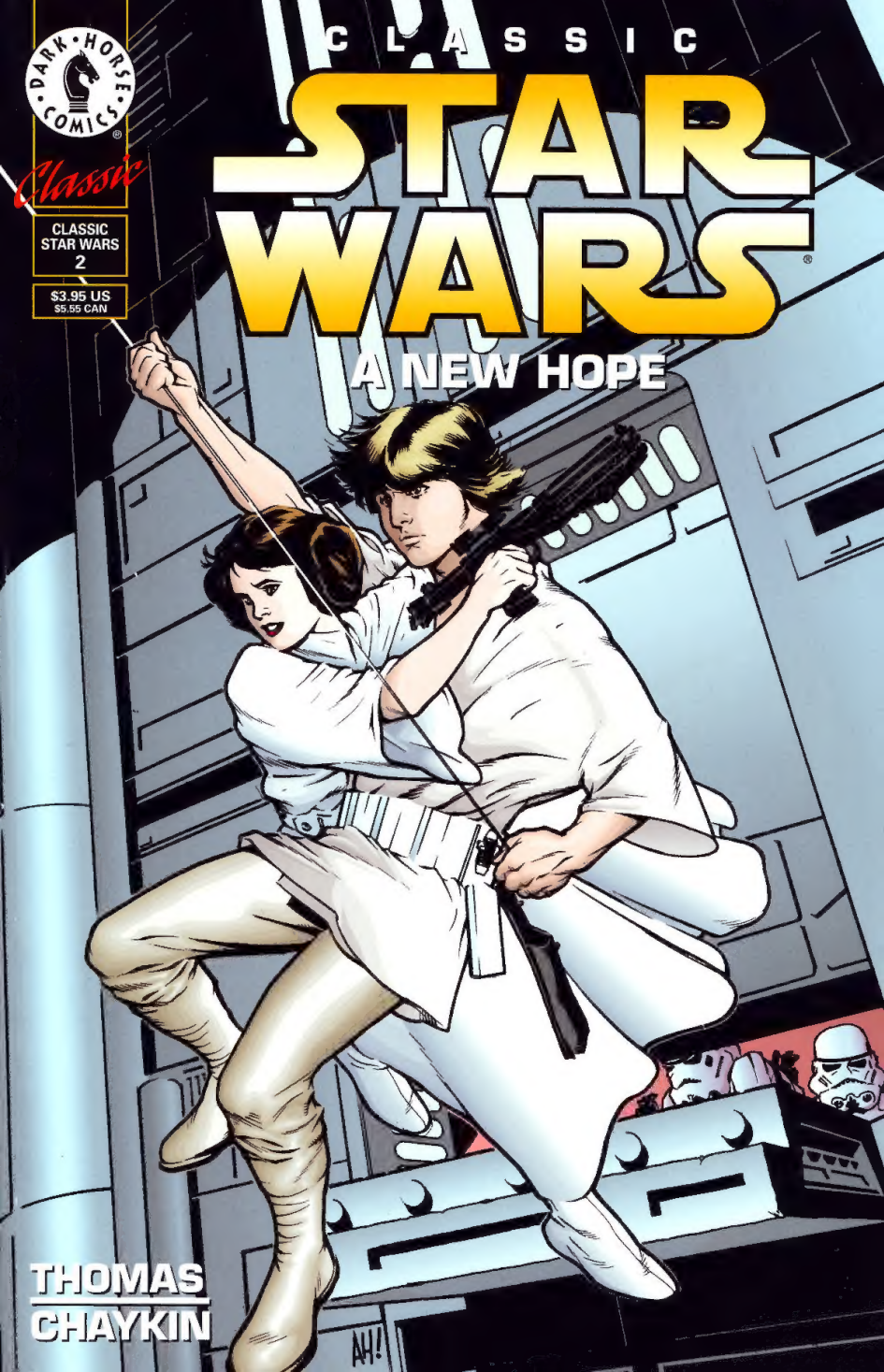

DARK HORSE COMICS
Classic
CLASSIC STAR WARS 2
$3.95 US
$5.55 CAN
CLASSIC
STAR WARS
A NEW HOPE
THOMAS
CHAYKIN

CLASSIC

STAR WARS®

A NEW HOPE ⊛ BOOK TWO

Writer ***Roy Thomas***
Penciller ***Howard Chaykin***
Colorist ***Pamela Rambo***
Inkers ***Steve Leialoha, Rick Hoberg, Bill Wray***
Letterers ***Tom Orzechowski, Carol Lay, Mike Royer***
Cover Artist ***Adam Hughes***
Cover Colorist ***Matthew Hollingsworth***
Editors ***Bob Cooper*** & ***Edward Martin III***

Originally published in *Star Wars* #4-6 by Marvel Comics, October-December 1977.
Original series editors: ***Roy Thomas*** & ***Archie Goodwin***
Based on the 1977 film ***Star Wars***.

DARK HORSE COMICS®

MIKE RICHARDSON
PUBLISHER
NEIL HANKERSON
EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT
DAVID SCROGGY
VICE PRESIDENT OF PUBLISHING
LOU BANK
VICE PRESIDENT OF SALES & MARKETING
ANDY KARABATSOS
VICE PRESIDENT OF FINANCE
MARK ANDERSON
GENERAL COUNSEL

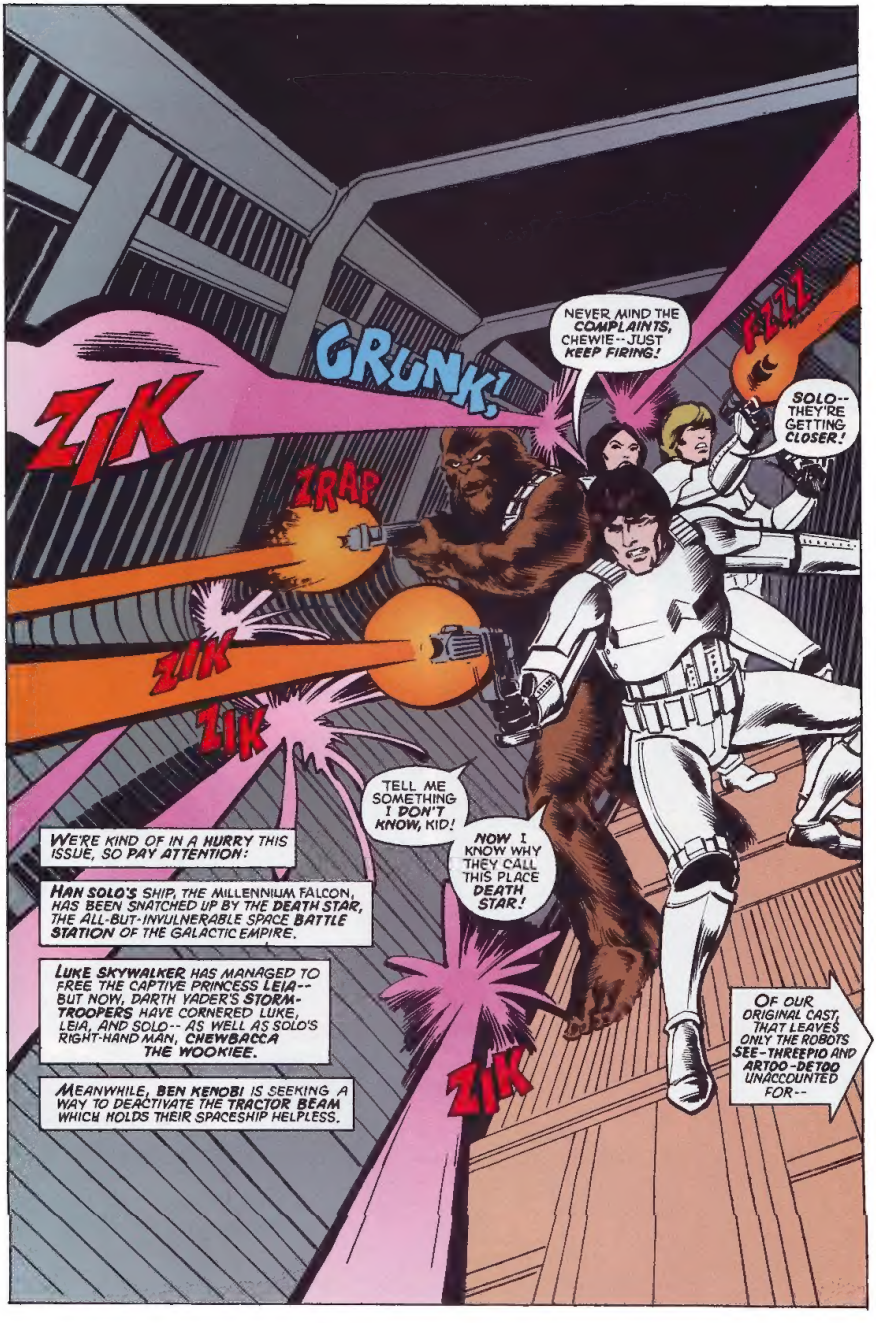
EDITORIAL
DIANA SCHUTZ
EDITOR IN CHIEF
RANDY STRADLEY
CREATIVE DIRECTOR
BOB COOPER
EDITORIAL COORDINATOR
BOB SCHRECK
GROUP EDITOR: CREATOR-OWNED TITLES
BARBARA KESEL
GROUP EDITOR: LEGEND TITLES
MICHAEL EURY
GROUP EDITOR: COMPANY-OWNED TITLES
RYDER WINDHAM
GROUP EDITOR: LICENSED TITLES

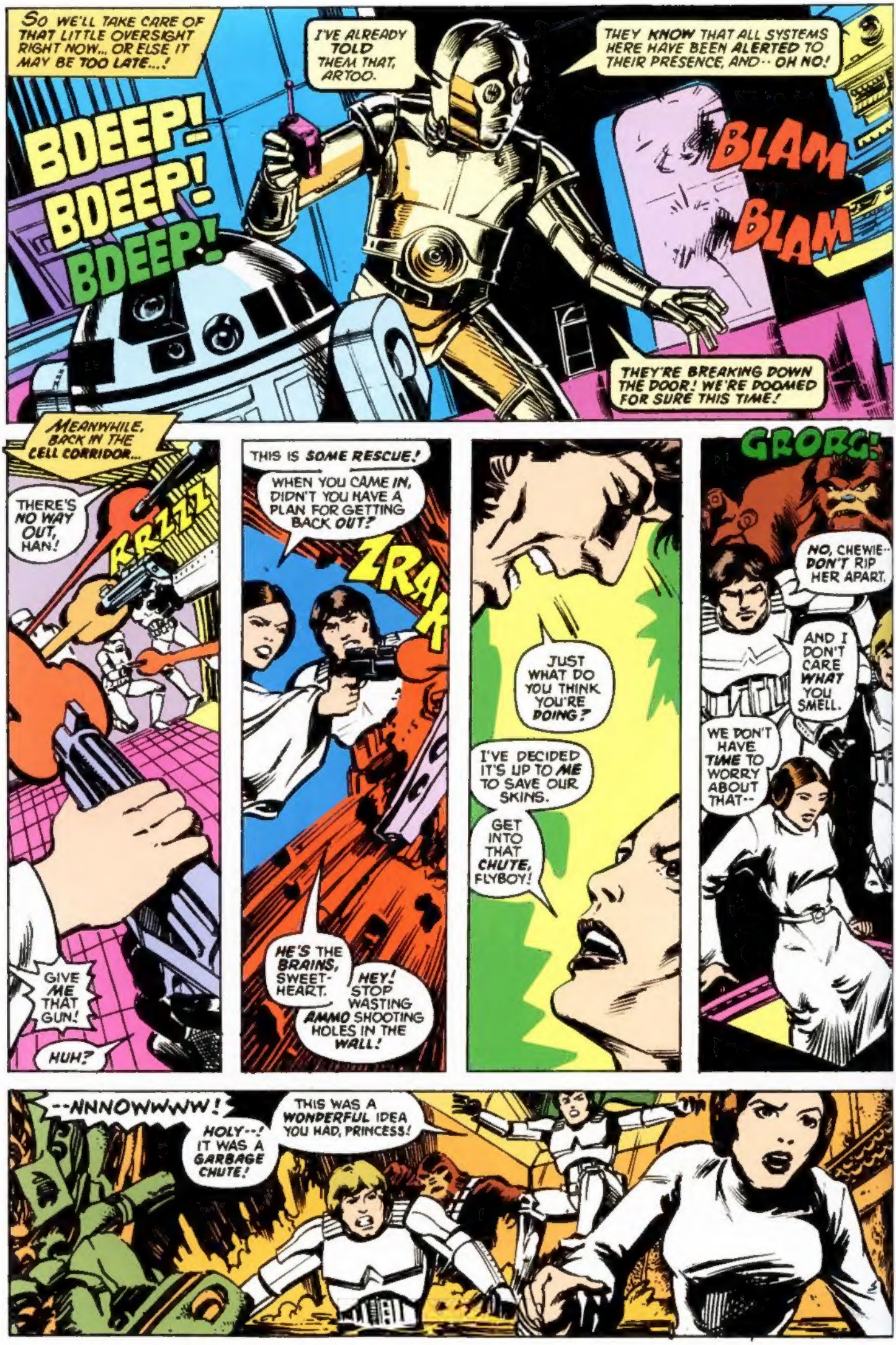
PRODUCTION & DESIGN
CINDY MARKS
DIRECTOR OF PRODUCTION & DESIGN
SEAN TIERNEY
COMPUTER GRAPHICS MANAGER
MARK COX
ART DIRECTOR
CARY GRAZZINI
SENIOR DESIGNER
DAVID CHIPPS
COLORING DEPARTMENT MANAGER
RICHARD POWERS
PRINT MANAGER

ACCOUNTING
CHRIS CREVISTON
DIRECTOR OF ACCOUNTING

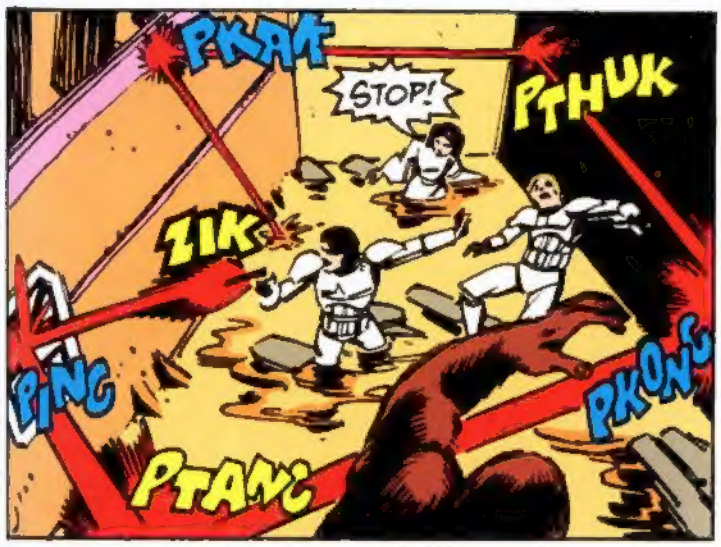
MARKETING
MICHAEL MARTENS
MARKETING DIRECTOR
TOD BORLESKE
SALES AND LICENSING DIRECTOR

Classic Star Wars: A New Hope #2, July 1994. Published by Dark Horse Comics, Inc., 10956 SE Main Street, Milwaukie, Oregon 97222. Star Wars® & © 1994 Lucasfilm Ltd. All rights reserved. Used under authorization. Text and illustrations for Classic Star Wars® are © 1994 Lucasfilm Ltd. All other material, unless otherwise specified, is © 1994 by Dark Horse Comics, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced by any means without written permission from Lucasfilm Ltd. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this publication and those of any preexisting person or institution is intended, and any similarity that may exist is purely coincidental. Dark Horse Comics® and the Dark Horse logo are registered trademarks of Dark Horse Comics, Inc.
PRINTED IN CANADA.


ZIK
GRUNK!
ZRAP
ZIK
ZIK
NEVER MIND THE COMPLAINTS, CHEWIE--JUST KEEP FIRING!
FZZZ
SOLO--THEY'RE GETTING CLOSER!
TELL ME SOMETHING I DON'T KNOW, KID!
NOW I KNOW WHY THEY CALL THIS PLACE DEATH STAR!
ZIK
WE'RE KIND OF IN A HURRY THIS ISSUE, SO PAY ATTENTION!
HAN SOLO'S SHIP, THE MILLENNIUM FALCON, HAS BEEN SNATCHED UP BY THE DEATH STAR, THE ALL-BUT-INVULNERABLE SPACE BATTLE STATION OF THE GALACTIC EMPIRE.
LUKE SKYWALKER HAS MANAGED TO FREE THE CAPTIVE PRINCESS LEIA--BUT NOW, DARTH VADER'S STORM-TROOPERS HAVE CORNERED LUKE, LEIA, AND SOLO-- AS WELL AS SOLO'S RIGHT-HAND MAN, CHEWBACCA THE WOOKIEE.
MEANWHILE, BEN KENOBI IS SEEKING A WAY TO DEACTIVATE THE TRACTOR BEAM WHICH HOLDS THEIR SPACESHIP HELPLESS.
OF OUR ORIGINAL CAST, THAT LEAVES ONLY THE ROBOTS SEE-THREEPIO AND ARTOO-DETOO UNACCOUNTED FOR--

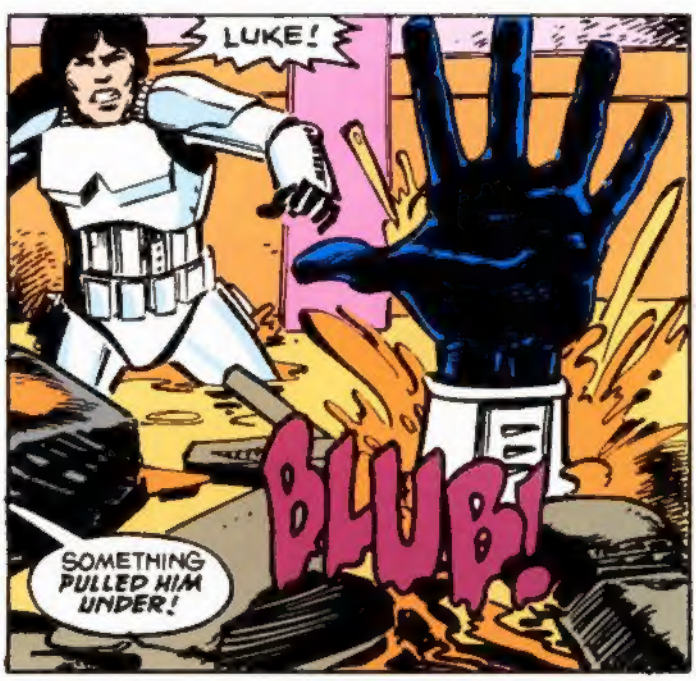

SO WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT LITTLE OVERSIGHT RIGHT NOW... OR ELSE IT MAY BE TOO LATE...!
I'VE ALREADY TOLD THEM THAT, ARTOO.
THEY KNOW THAT ALL SYSTEMS HERE HAVE BEEN ALERTED TO THEIR PRESENCE, AND-- OH NO!
BDEEP! BDEEP! BDEEP!
BLAM BLAM
THEY'RE BREAKING DOWN THE DOOR! WE'RE DOOMED FOR SURE THIS TIME!
MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE CELL CORRIDOR...
THERE'S NO WAY OUT, HAN!
RRZZZ
GIVE ME THAT GUN!
HUH?
THIS IS SOME RESCUE!
WHEN YOU CAME IN, DIDN'T YOU HAVE A PLAN FOR GETTING BACK OUT?
ZRAK
HE'S THE BRAINS, SWEETHEART.
HEY! STOP WASTING AMMO SHOOTING HOLES IN THE WALL!
JUST WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
I'VE DECIDED IT'S UP TO ME TO SAVE OUR SKINS.
GET INTO THAT CHUTE, FLYBOY!
GRORG!
NO, CHEWIE-- DON'T RIP HER APART.
AND I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SMELL.
WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO WORRY ABOUT THAT--
--NNNOWWWW!
HOLY--! IT WAS A GARBAGE CHUTE!
THIS WAS A WONDERFUL IDEA YOU HAD, PRINCESS!

UNFORTUNATELY, THESE TRASH CHAMBERS ARE VACUUM SEALED.
WELL, MAYBE MY LASER PISTOL CAN BLAST OPEN THAT HATCHWAY, SO WE CAN--


PKAT
STOP!
PTHUK
ZIK
PING
PKONG
PTANG

THE LASERBOLTS ARE RICOCHETING!
PUT THAT THING AWAY, BEFORE YOU GET US ALL KILLED!
YES, YOUR WORSHIP! BUT IT WON'T TAKE LONG BEFORE THE STORMTROOPERS FIGURE OUT WHERE WE WENT, AND--

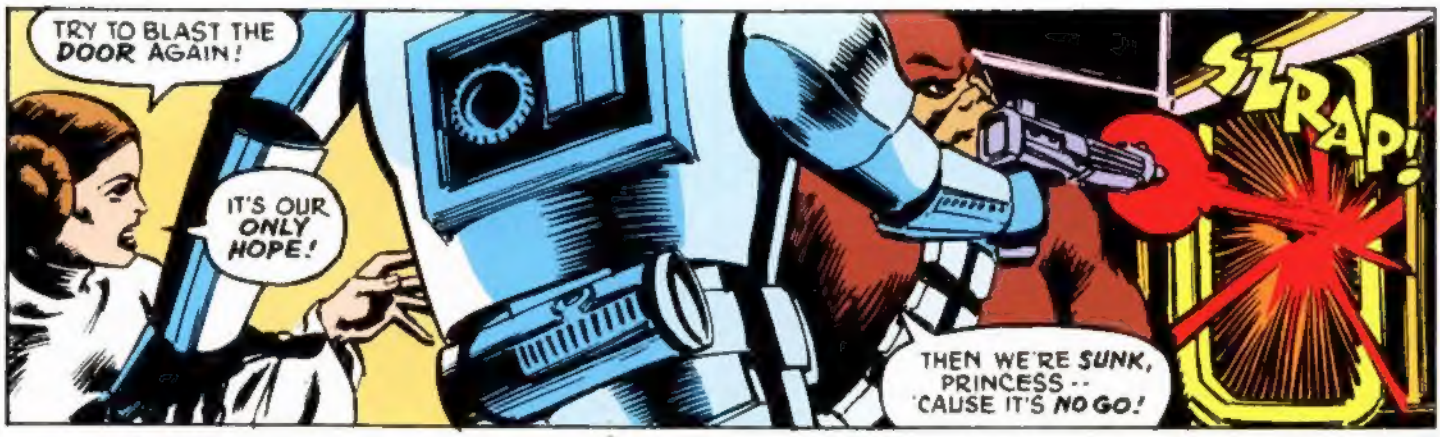
GRUNK!
WHAT'S THAT SOUND?
I'M -- NOT SURE! BUT -- SOMETHING JUST MOVED PAST ME -- UNDER ALL THIS GUNK!
OOOOOOOO


LUKE!
BLUB!
SOMETHING PULLED HIM UNDER!

Glup!
BLAST IT! BLAST IT!
BLAST IT? I CAN'T EVEN SEE IT!
JUST A BUNCH OF TENTACLES--!

GRONK
NOW HE'S BEEN PULLED BACK INTO THE MUCK!
NO-- WAIT! HE'S COMING BACK UP!
IT'S LET HIM GO!
YOU OKAY, KID?
WHAT HAPPENED TO IT?
SPUT
I-- DON'T KNOW! IT JUST-- DIS-APPEARED!
WH-WHAT'S THAT SOUND?
RRRRR
THE WALLS! THEY'RE COMING CLOSER!
I'VE GOT A VERY BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS.
MME
DON'T JUST STAND THERE! TRY TO BRACE IT WITH SOMETHING!
KRUNK
NO, I DON'T THINK IT'S GOING TO WORK EITHER, CHEWIE--
BUT WE'VE GOT TO TRY!
BLLLL
PTAK
THEY'RE SNAPPING LIKE TWIGS!
LOOKS LIKE WE'VE HAD IT-- AND IN OUR STOLEN STORMTROOPER OUTFITS YET!
ARRAG
OUR ONLY HOPE ARE THE DROIDS!
SNAP!
ARTOO'S PLUGGED INTO THE DEATH STAR'S MONITORING SYSTEM! MAYBE HE CAN--
THREEPIO! COME IN, THREEPIO--!

BUT, EVEN AS LUKE'S MUTED VOICE IS HEARD, COMING OVER THE ROBOT'S HAND COMLINK IN THE COMMAND OFFICE --
--OME IN, THREEPIO!
--THE IMPERIAL STORMTROOPERS SUCCEED IN BREAKING THROUGH THE DOOR!
WHAT? NOBODY HERE!?
HELP! HELP! LET US OUT!
EH? THAT SUPPLY CABINET--!
BLAST! IT'S JUST A PAIR OF DROIDS!
WHO LOCKED YOU IN THERE?
THEY'RE MAD-MEN, SIR--THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE PRISON LEVEL.
THEY JUST LEFT!
IF YOU HURRY, YOU MIGHT CATCH THEM.
GOOD!
ALL THIS EXCITEMENT HAS OVERRUN THE CIRCUITS ON MY R2-D2 COUNTERPART HERE.
IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE TO TAKE HIM DOWN TO MAINTENANCE.
BREEP BREEP
PERMISSION GRANTED.
ALL RIGHT, MEN--LET'S GET THOSE REBELS!
BUT, DOWN BELOW, THE RELENTLESS WALLS CLOSING IN ON LUKE SKYWALKER AND COMPANY MAY NEED NO HELP...
GRRK!
ONE SURE THING! WE'RE ALL... GOING TO BE... MUCH THINNER! Unnh!
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THREEPIO?
WHY ISN'T HE SENDING US ESCAPE INSTRUCTIONS?
RMMBLL

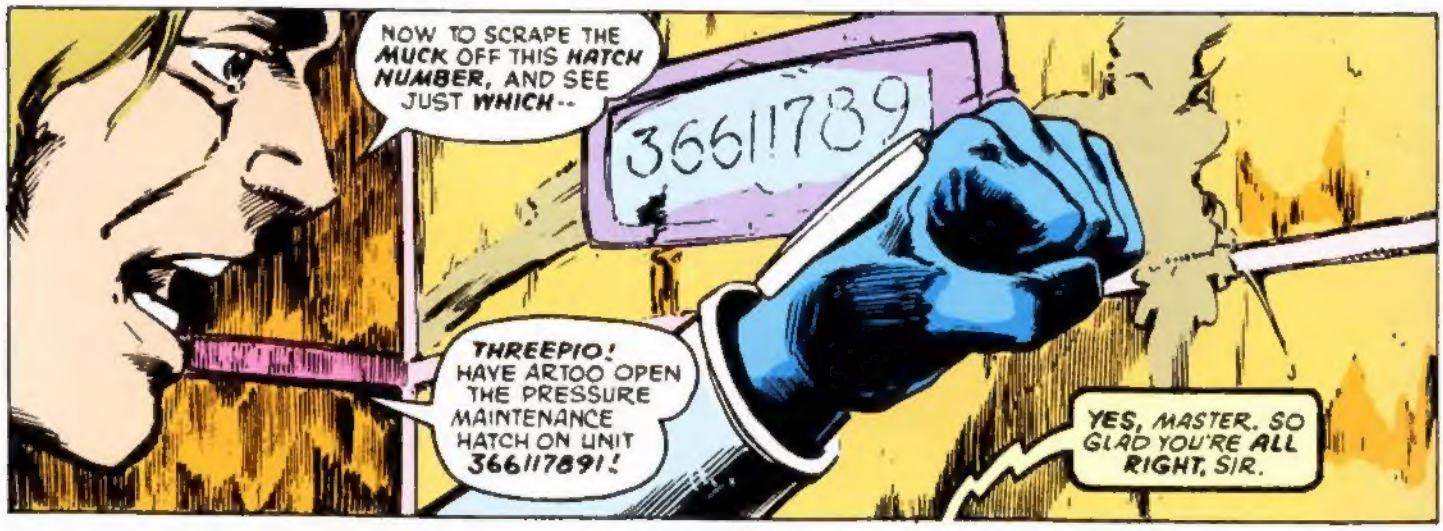

TRY TO BLAST THE DOOR AGAIN!
IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE!
SIZRAP!
THEN WE'RE SUNK, PRINCESS -- 'CAUSE IT'S NO GO!

MEANWHILE, IN THE MAIN FOREWARD BAY OF THE DEATH STAR...
THAT'S IT, ARTOO! PLUG YOURSELF INTO THAT WALL SOCKET SO I CAN TALK WITH OUR MASTER AGAIN, AND --
BEEP BREEP
OH NO! IS THAT WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THEM? THAT'S TERRIBLE!

THREEPIO! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, WHERE ARE YOU??
ARE YOU THERE, SIR? WE'VE HAD SOME PROBLEMS...
THREEPIO, SHUT UP -- AND SHUT DOWN ALL THE GARBAGE MASHERS ON THE DETONATION LEVEL! DO YOU COPY?

OH, MOST CERTAINLY, SIR! SHUT THEM ALL DOWN, ARTOO!
BDEEK
I ONLY HOPE WE'RE IN TIME!

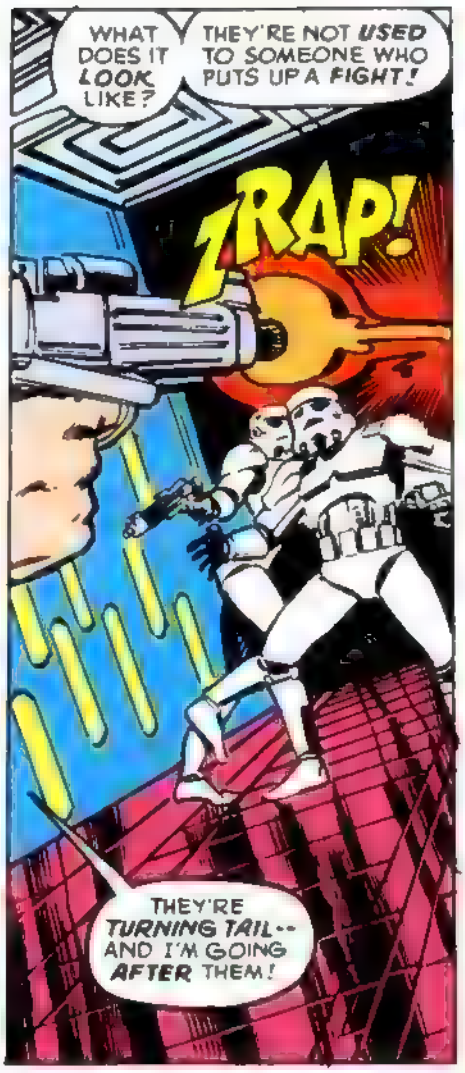
ARTOO! THREEPIO! WE'RE ALL RIGHT!
DO YOU READ ME? YOU DID FINE!


NOW TO SCRAPE THE MUCK OFF THIS HATCH NUMBER, AND SEE JUST WHICH --
36611789
THREEPIO! HAVE ARTOO OPEN THE PRESSURE MAINTENANCE HATCH ON UNIT 36611789!
YES, MASTER. SO GLAD YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, SIR.

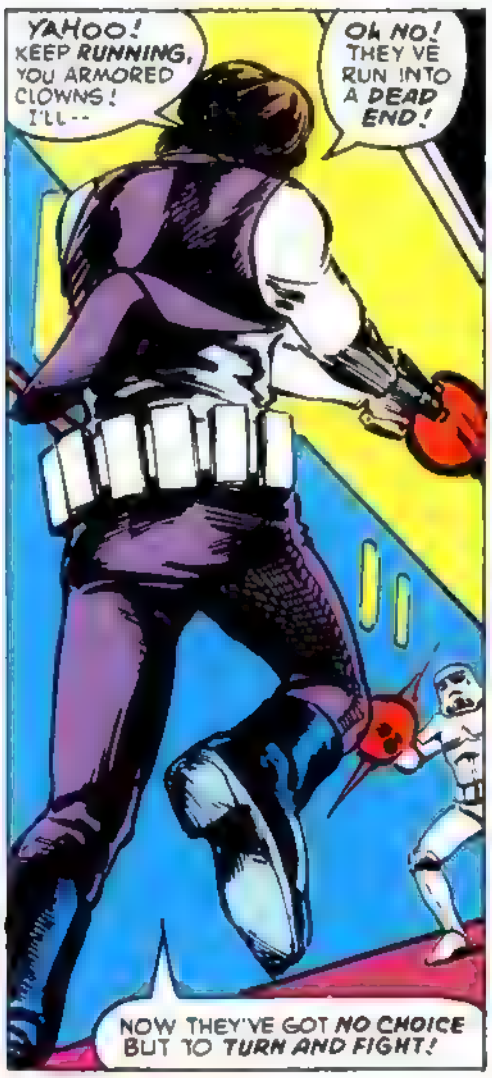
WHILE, NEARBY, BEN KENOBI HIDES AMID THE EQUIPMENT THAT POWERS THE GREAT TRACTOR BEAM...
...WHICH IN TURN HOLDS HAN SOLO'S SHIP IN THRALL!
BEN KENOBI: ONCE HE WAS OBI-WAN, OF THE FAMED JEDI KNIGHTS...
NOW HE, LIKE THE OTHERS, IS A FUGITIVE ON BOARD THIS SPRAWLING BATTLE-STATION...
AND, EVEN AS HE MAKES CERTAIN ADJUSTMENTS IN A COMPUTER TERMINAL, AND SEVERAL LIGHTS CHANGE FROM RED TO BLUE...
...THE NET DRAWS TIGHTER!
SECURE THIS ENTRY AREA UNTIL THE ALERT IS CANCELLED!
AS FOR THE FOURSOME OF LUKE SKYWALKER, PRINCESS LEIA, HAN SOLO, AND A WOOKIEE NAMED CHEWBACCA... THEY STUMBLE FORTH FROM THE GARBAGE HATCH INTO AN UNUSED, DUSTY HALLWAY...
DOESN'T THAT THING EVER GIVE UP?
WAIT! SOMEBODY MIGHT HEAR--!
ZAP!
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE OR WHERE YOU CAME FROM, BUT FROM NOW ON YOU'LL DO AS I TELL YOU!
AND YOU TELL THAT BIG HAIRY WALKING CARPET OF YOURS TO GET OUT OF MY WAY!
RRNK?
LISTEN, YOUR HOLINESS... LET'S GET SOMETHING STRAIGHT:
I TAKE ORDERS FROM ONE PERSON--ME!
THEN IT'S A WONDER YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!
NO REWARD IS WORTH THIS!

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE TRACTOR BEAM POWER-GENERATOR TRENCH...
ANY SIGN OF ANY OF THEM YET?
NONE!...
...MAYBE DOWN HERE!
NEXT MOMENT, HE SLIPS INTO A MAIN PASSAGEWAY.
AS, ELSEWHERE...
SEE THREEPIO... DO YOU COPY?
I READ YOU, SIR.
ARE YOU SAFE?
FOR THE MOMENT, WE'RE IN THE MAIN HANGAR, ACROSS FROM THE SHIP.
WE'RE RIGHT ABOVE YOU, THEN.
STAND BY!
Y'KNOW, KID-- GETTING BACK TO THE FALCON'S GOING TO BE LIKE FLYING THRU THE FIVE FIRE RINGS OF FORNAX!
YOU CAME IN THAT THING DOWN THERE?
YES.
YOU'RE BRAVER THAN I THOUGHT!
IF YOU'D PREFER TO STAY HERE, PRINCESS, I'M SURE IT CAN BE--
Uh oh!
THE BOYS IN WHITE ARE BACK!
STOP-- OR WE'LL FIRE!

GET TO THE SHIP-- FAST!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO--?


WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE?
THEY'RE NOT USED TO SOMEONE WHO PUTS UP A FIGHT!
ZRAP!
THEY'RE TURNING TAIL-- AND I'M GOING AFTER THEM!

THE REST OF YOU-- GET TO THE SHIP!!
MAYBE I WAS TOO HARD ON HIM; HE CERTAINLY HAS COURAGE.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOOD IT WILL DO US IF HE GETS HIMSELF KILLED!

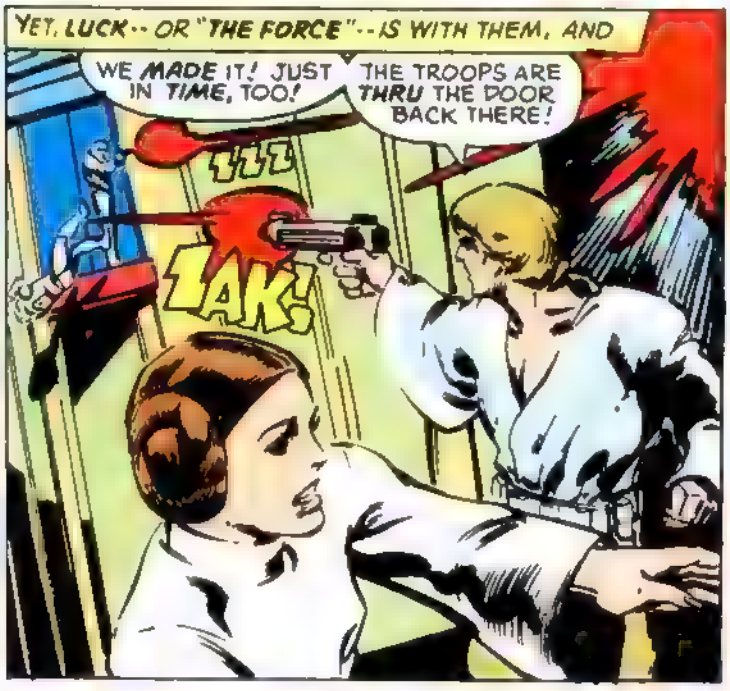

YAHOO! KEEP RUNNING, YOU ARMORED CLOWNS! I'LL--
OH NO! THEY'VE RUN INTO A DEAD END!
NOW THEY'VE GOT NO CHOICE BUT TO TURN AND FIGHT!

THIS WASN'T EXACTLY THE SMARTEST THING I EVER--
CRONK
CHEWIE! GOOD OLD CHEWIE! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME, BIG FELLA--

--TO TURN AROUND AND START RUNNING LIKE CRAZY!
ZZZ
HRONK!

MEANWHILE, CHASED BY STILL OTHER IMPERIAL TROOPERS, LUKE AND LEIA RUSH DOWN A NARROW SUB-HALLWAY...
LOOK, PRINCESS! WE'RE REACHING THE END -- AND THERE'S AN OPEN HATCHWAY!
WHEN WE GET THRU IT, WE SHOULD BE HOME FREE --
-- UNLESS WE MADE A WRONG TURN!
Ohh--!
THE DEEP SHAFT JUST BEYOND THE NARROW BRIDGE SEEMS TO GO DOWN, DOWN ALMOST TO INFINITY...!
I'VE SHUT THE SHIELDED DOOR -- BUT IT WON'T HOLD THEM LONG!
WE'VE GOT TO GET ACROSS THIS THING, TO THE OTHER SIDE...
... AND IT LOOKS LIKE THIS CABLE IS OUR ONLY CHANCE!
HEY! IT CAUGHT ON THOSE PIPES!
ALL RIGHT, PRINCESS -- GRAB HOLD OF ME, AND I'LL --
WHA--?
JUST FOR LUCK!
WE'RE GOING TO NEED IT!

YOU'RE TELLING ME!?
EVEN AS THEY SWING ACROSS, LUKE KNOWS THAT EVEN A SLIGHT MISCALCULATION IN ARC, AND THEY WILL MISS THE OPPOSITE OPEN HATCH-- SLAMMING INTO THE METAL AROUND IT!


YET, LUCK-- OR "THE FORCE"--IS WITH THEM, AND
WE MADE IT! JUST IN TIME, TOO!
THE TROOPS ARE THRU THE DOOR BACK THERE!
ZAK!

FRAZK!
WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE OTHERS!
LET'S GET MOVING, PRINCESS!

BEN KENOBI SEEMS NEARLY A PART OF THE PASSAGEWAY ITSELF, AS A LARGE CLUSTER OF TROOPERS HURRIES PAST HIM..

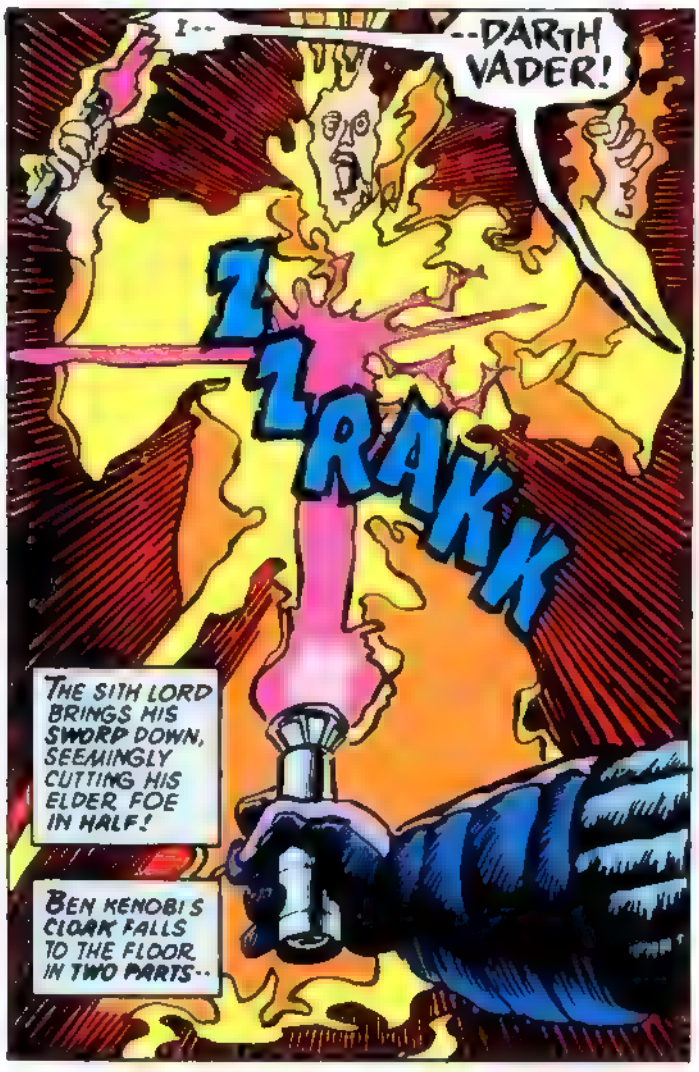
THEN, PAUSING TO MAKE CERTAIN THEY'VE ALL PASSED, HE STARTS DOWN IT HIMSELF...

...FAILING TO SEE THE DARK SILHOUETTE WHICH ECLIPSES THE LIGHT FAR BEHIND HIM.

AS FOR SOLO AND CHEWBACCA:
AHEAD OF THEM, AS THEY'VE RUN, A SERIES OF SHIELDED DOORS HAS BEGUN TO CLOSE IN FRONT OF THEM.
PANTING WITH EXERTION, MAN AND WOOKIEE MANAGE TO MAKE SURE THAT THEY FINISH CLOSING...
... BEHIND THEM!
THAT OUGHT TO HOLD 'EM FOR A WHILE!
NOW, LET'S GO FIND THE MILLENNIUM FALCON!
GNORK
SLAMM
AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT, BEN HAS ALREADY FOUND HAN SOLO'S ANTIQUE BUT STURDY STARSHIP.
WITH EAGER TREAD, HE HURRIES TOWARD IT, SURE HE HAS FREED IT FROM THE POWERFUL TRACTOR BEAM THAT HELD IT...
AND THEN --
YOU!
I HAVE BEEN WAITING, OBI-WAN KENOBI. THE CIRCLE IS NOW COMPLETED.
WHEN I LEFT YOU, I WAS BUT A LEARNER; NOW, I AM THE MASTER.
YOU STILL HAVE MUCH TO LEARN.
FZIPP!

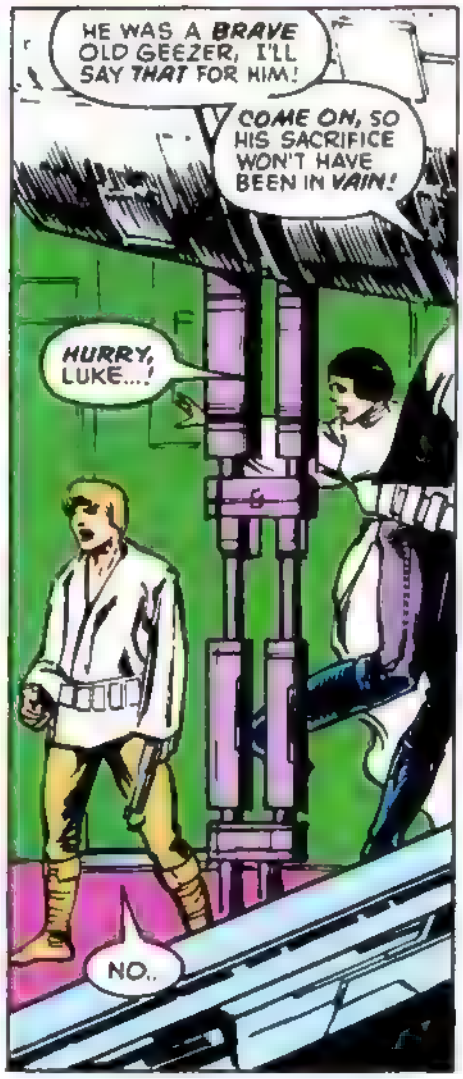
HIS LIGHTSABRE ACTIVATED, BEN KENOBI MOVES WITH ELEGANT EASE INTO A CLASSICAL OFFENSIVE POSITION...
AS THE FEARSOME DARK KNIGHT, WEAPON IN HAND, TAKES A DEFENSIVE STANCE
FOR A MOMENT, THE TWO GALACTIC WARRIORS STAND PERFECTLY STILL, SIZING EACH OTHER UP...
THEN--
YOUR POWERS ARE WEAK, OLD MAN!
YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE COME BACK!
SZRAK
YOU ONLY KNOW.. HALF "THE FORCE".. VADER...!
YOU PERCEIVE ITS FULL POWER... AS LITTLE AS A SPOON... PERCEIVES THE TASTE OF FOOD!
FZIK
YET, EVEN AS THEY FIGHT, BEN SEEMS TO BE UNDER INCREASING PRESSURE AND STRAIN--AS IF AN INVISIBLE WEIGHT WERE BEING PLACED UPON HIM..
HE MAKES A SUDDEN LUNGE AT HIS FOE--
ZZARP
--BUT IS CHECKED BY A LIGHTNING MOVEMENT OF THE TOWERING ARMORED GIANT!
THEN, HIS SWORD LOCKED WITH VADER'S BEN BEGINS BACKING INTO THE MASSIVE STARSHIP HANGAR.
THEIR LIGHTSABERS LOCKED IN MID-AIR, THE TWO POWERFUL WARRIORS STAND MOTIONLESS...
.. LIKE TITANS OUT OF SOME LOST TIME!

AND, EVEN AS THE FORMER JEDI KNIGHT AND LORD OF THE SITH JOIN TOGETHER IN THIS GRIM TABLEAU--
IT'S GOOD WE'RE ALL TOGETHER AGAIN... BUT, THERE ARE SO MANY STORMTROOPERS MILLING ABOUT THE ENTRY RAMP OF MR. SOLO'S STARSHIP...!
LUKE! PRINCESS! WHAT KEPT YOU?
WE RAN INTO SOME OLD FRIENDS.
IS THE MILLENNIUM FALCON ALL RIGHT?
IT'LL GET US OUT OF HERE OKAY--IF WE CAN GET NEAR IT, BUT I--
Oh-- WAIT--
LOOK!
THEN, BEFORE THE STARTLED EYES OF HUMANS, DROIDS, AND WOOKIEE--
--BEN AND VADER EMERGE FROM THE HALLWAYS ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE DOCKING BAY--
--STILL LOCKED IN THEIR DEADLY LIGHTSABRE DUEL!
PREPARE TO MEET "THE FORCE," OBI-WAN.
THIS IS A FIGHT YOU CANNOT WIN, DARTH--FOR, I HAVE GROWN MUCH SINCE OUR PARTING...
IF MY BLADE FINDS ITS MARK, YOU WILL CEASE TO EXIST.
BUT, IF YOU CUT ME DOWN-- I WILL ONLY BECOME MORE POWERFUL...!
AS HE SPEAKS, BEN KENOBI SEES TROOPERS CHARGING TOWARD HIM... AND REALIZES HE IS TRAPPED!
STILL, HIS TONE IS DEFIANT...
HEED MY WORDS!
NOT THIS TIME!
I AM THE MASTER NOW!

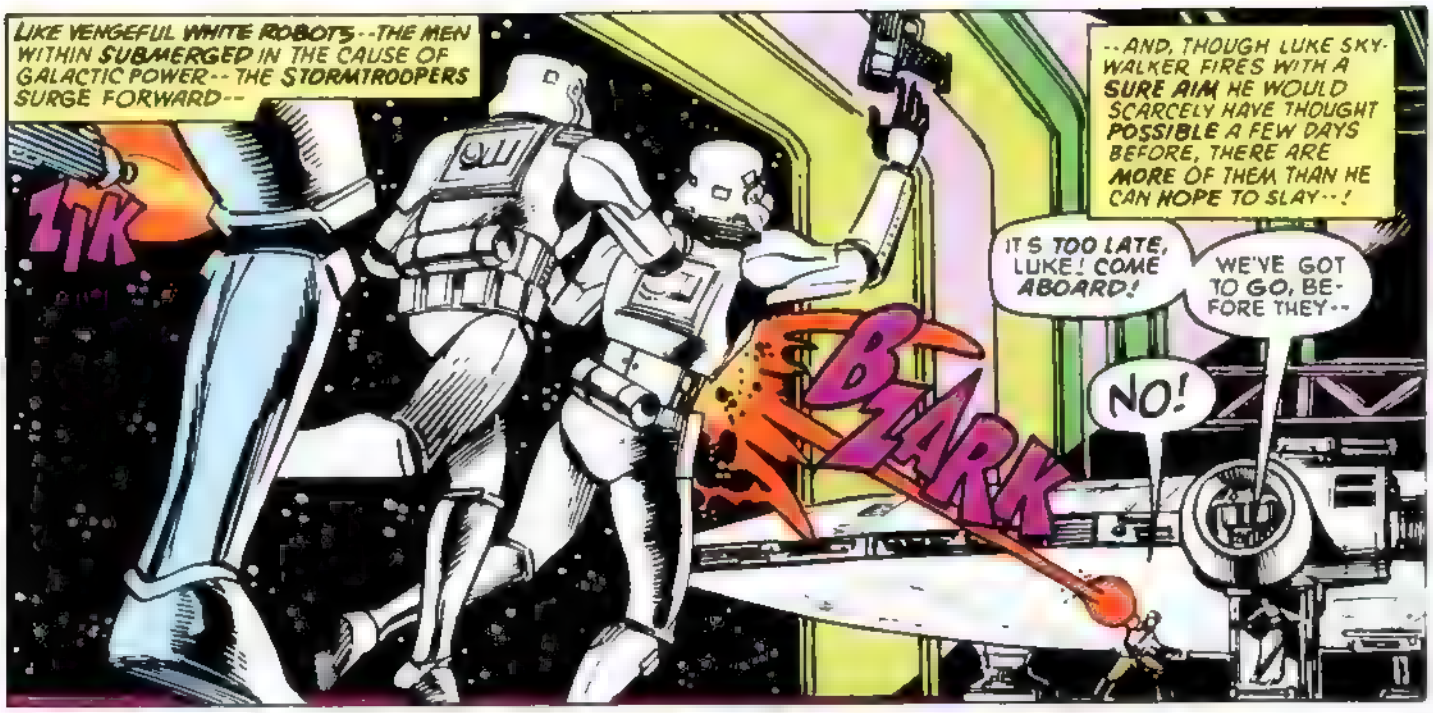

I--
--DARTH VADER!
ZZRAKK
THE SITH LORD BRINGS HIS SWORD DOWN, SEEMINGLY CUTTING HIS ELDER FOE IN HALF!
BEN KENOBI'S CLOAK FALLS TO THE FLOOR IN TWO PARTS--

--BUT BEN IS NOT IN IT!
AND VADER, PUZZLED AT THE OLD MAN'S DISAPPEARANCE, POKES AT THE EMPTY CLOAK.
NEITHER HE NOR THE DISTRACTED TROOPERS HAVE SEEN FIVE FORMS RACING TOWARD THE CAPTURED STARSHIP...

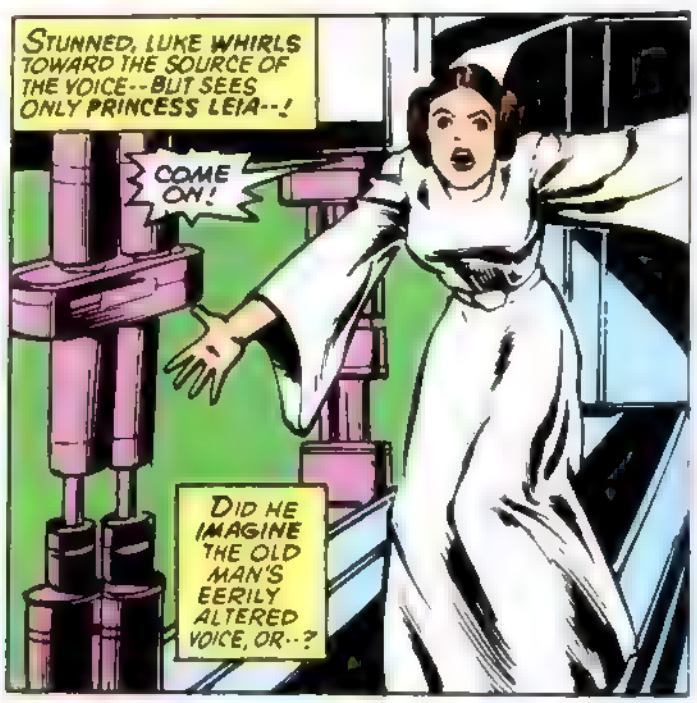
...TILL LUKE SKYWALKER REALIZES THAT HE MAY HAVE JUST SEEN BEN KENOBI'S DEATH!
BEN!


HE WAS A BRAVE OLD GEEZER, I'LL SAY THAT FOR HIM!
COME ON, SO HIS SACRIFICE WON'T HAVE BEEN IN VAIN!
HURRY, LUKE...!
NO..

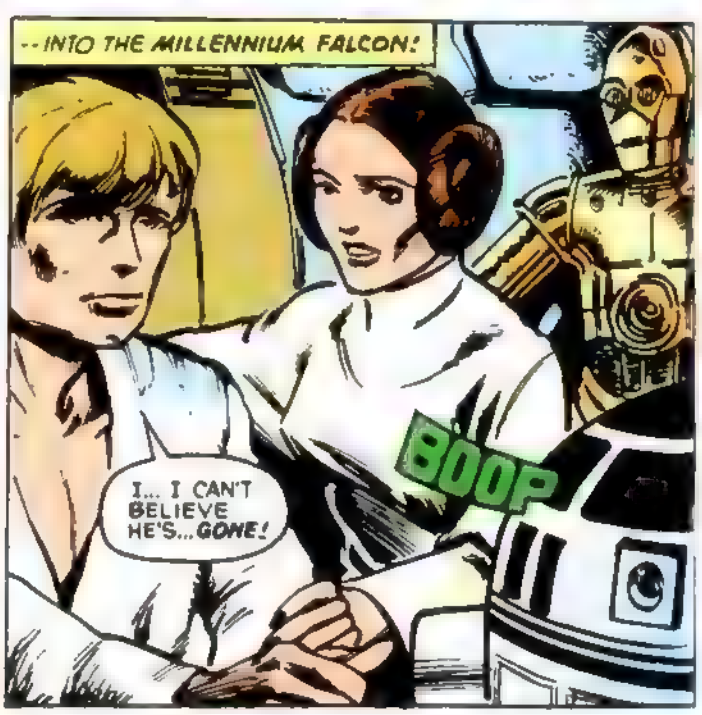
LUKE! THAT WON'T--
YOU KILLED HIM, YOU DIRTY--
FRAP!

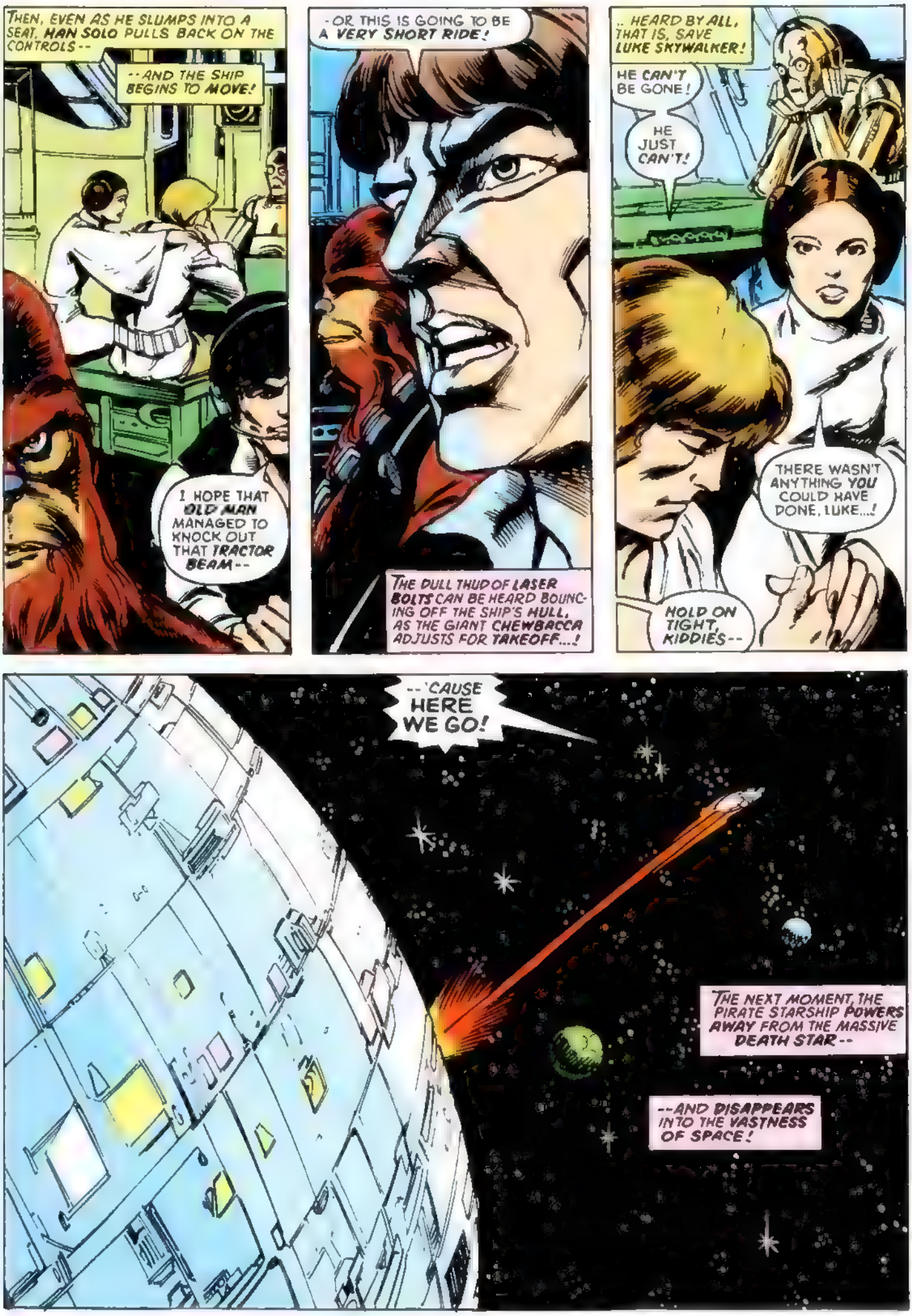

LIKE VENGEFUL WHITE ROBOTS--THE MEN WITHIN SUBMERGED IN THE CAUSE OF GALACTIC POWER--THE STORMTROOPERS SURGE FORWARD--
--AND, THOUGH LUKE SKYWALKER FIRES WITH A SURE AIM HE WOULD SCARCELY HAVE THOUGHT POSSIBLE A FEW DAYS BEFORE, THERE ARE MORE OF THEM THAN HE CAN HOPE TO SLAY--!
ZIK
IT'S TOO LATE, LUKE! COME ABOARD!
WE'VE GOT TO GO, BEFORE THEY--
NO!
BZARK

THEN, SUDDENLY, A FAMILIAR YET DIFFERENT VOICE RINGS INTO HIS EARS:
LUKE--!
IT IS BEN KENOBI'S VOICE!


STUNNED, LUKE WHIRLS TOWARD THE SOURCE OF THE VOICE--BUT SEES ONLY PRINCESS LEIA--!
COME ON!
DID HE IMAGINE THE OLD MAN'S EERILY ALTERED VOICE, OR--?

THERE IS NO WAY TO KNOW... FOR THE MOMENT.
FRAK!
SO HE TURNS--AND RACES UP THE RAMP--

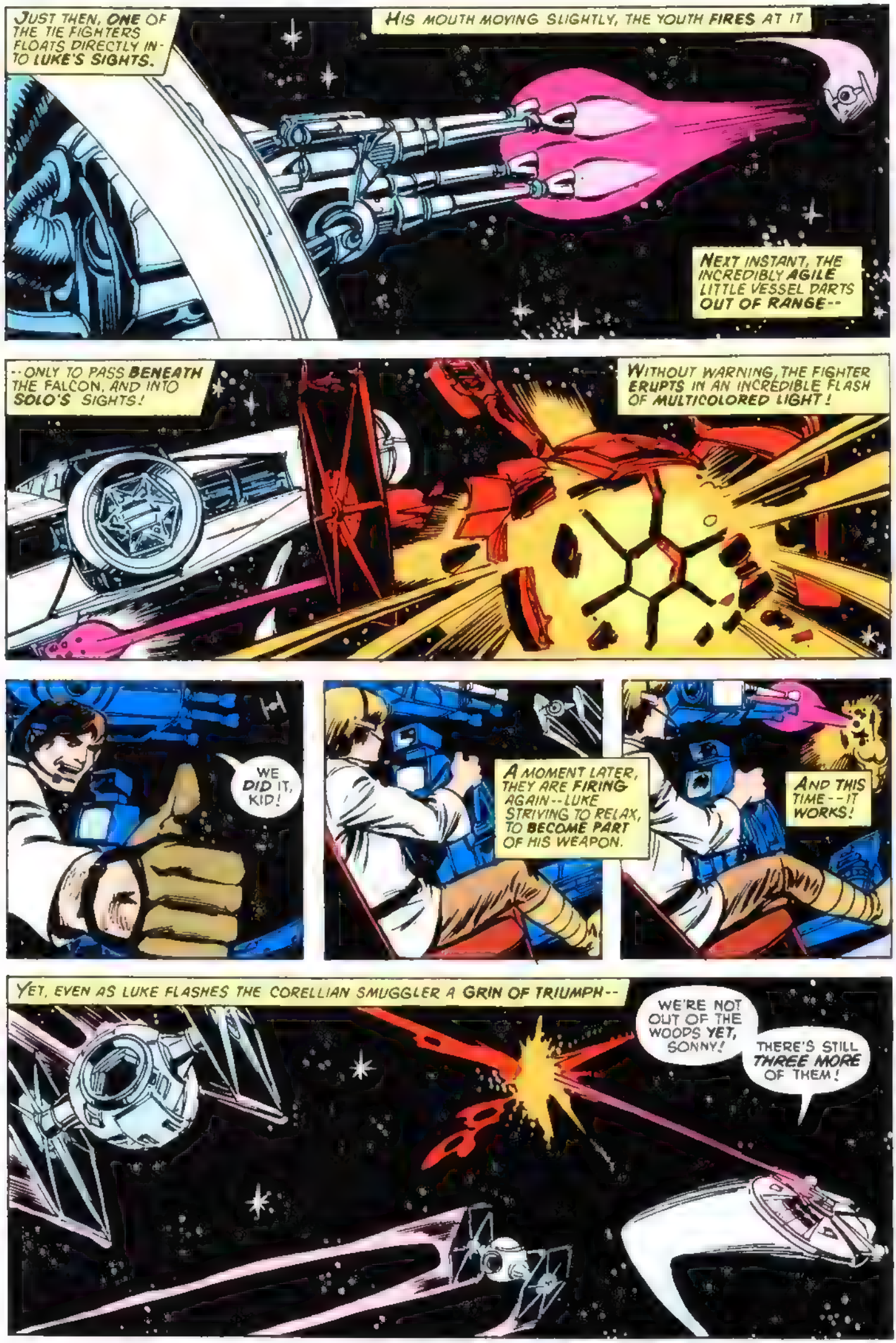

--INTO THE MILLENNIUM FALCON!
I... I CAN'T BELIEVE HE'S...GONE!
BOOP


THEN, EVEN AS HE SLUMPS INTO A SEAT, HAN SOLO PULLS BACK ON THE CONTROLS--
--AND THE SHIP BEGINS TO MOVE!
I HOPE THAT OLD MAN MANAGED TO KNOCK OUT THAT TRACTOR BEAM--
-OR THIS IS GOING TO BE A VERY SHORT RIDE!
THE DULL THUD OF LASER BOLTS CAN BE HEARD BOUNCING OFF THE SHIP'S HULL, AS THE GIANT CHEWBACCA ADJUSTS FOR TAKEOFF...!
.. HEARD BY ALL, THAT IS, SAVE LUKE SKYWALKER!
HE CAN'T BE GONE!
HE JUST CAN'T!
THERE WASN'T ANYTHING YOU COULD HAVE DONE, LUKE...!
HOLD ON TIGHT, KIDDIES--
--'CAUSE HERE WE GO!
THE NEXT MOMENT, THE PIRATE STARSHIP POWERS AWAY FROM THE MASSIVE DEATH STAR--
--AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE VASTNESS OF SPACE!

COME WITH ME, KID!
WE AREN'T OUT OF THIS YET!
BEEP!

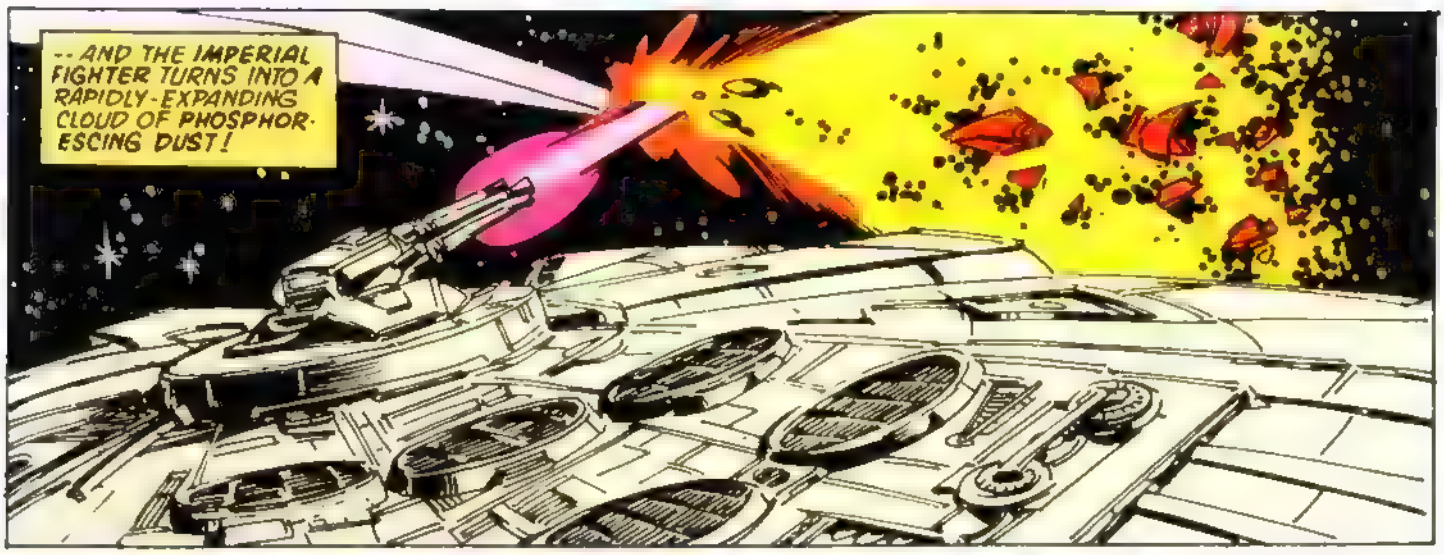
ALMOST INSTANTLY, LUKE FINDS HIMSELF SETTING INTO THE LASER CANNON ON ONE SIDE OF THE FLEEING STARSHIP...
NEVER FIRED THIS KIND OF GUN BEFORE!
BUT, I'VE GOT TO DO IT! I'VE GOT TO!
FOR BEN KENOBI!
...WHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE, HAN SOLO'S THOUGHTS ARE OF MORE MUNDANE MATTERS AS HE TAKES HIS OWN STATION:
THAT OLD MAN, KENOBI, DIED FREEING US FROM THE DEATH STAR'S BEAM THAT HELD US.
AND THIS IS ONE ERSTWHILE SPACE-SMUGGLER THAT'S GOING TO SEE HE DIDN'T DIE IN VAIN!
SIT TIGHT, KID, TILL DARTH VADER'S STOOGES ATTACK US!
AS FOR OUR MYSTERIOUS SPACE PRINCESS, LEIA ORGANA
IT'S HOPELESS! WE'RE OUT-NUMBERED--OUTGUNNED--
BUT SOMEHOW, THESE CHARACTERS WHO'RE TRYING TO RESCUE ME MIGHT JUST MANAGE TO PULL IT OFF!
AND CHEWBACCA, THE SEVEN-FOOT, FUR-COVERED WOOKIEE?
HIS THOUGHTS ARE AS MUCH HIS OWN AS THE STRANGE LANGUAGE HE SPEAKS.
THEN, SUDDENLY, LEIA'S VOICE RESOUNDS THROUGHOUT THE MILLENNIUM FALCON--
HERE COME THE TIE FIGHTERS!
WITHIN THE SHORT-RANGE STARSHIPS OF THE EMPIRE, AIR-GIVING HELMETS HIDE ALL LIFE, ALL EMOTION...
LUKE, HOWEVER, IS LESS RELUCTANT TO SHOW HIS FEELINGS...
MISSED!
BLAST! I'VE GOT TO GET THE HANG OF IT FAST--USE "THE FORCE" THAT BEN SHOWED ME HOW TO USE--
--OR WE'RE FINISHED!

"THE FORCE": THE NAME BEN KENOBI GAVE THE ENERGY FIELD CREATED BY ALL LIVING THINGS-- AND WHICH BINDS THEM TOGETHER.
EARLIER, IT ENABLED LUKE TO WIELD A LIGHTSABRE SKILLFULLY, BY GETTING IN TOUCH WITH HIMSELF-- AND THUS ALL MANKIND.
BUT NOW, AS THE ELUSIVE IMPERIAL SHIPS WEAVE A DEADLY TRAIL ALL AROUND THE MILLENNIUM FALCON...
SOLO! I-- CAN'T SEEM TO GET THE RANGE.
KEEP TRYING, KID! HERE THEY COME AGAIN!
YEAH-- BUT THEY'RE COMING IN TOO FAST!
AT THAT MOMENT, TWO FIGHTERS DIVE SIMULTANEOUSLY AT THE TWISTING, SPIRALING FREIGHTER, TRYING TO LINE UP THEIR WEAPONS ON IT
TWIN ENERGY-BOLTS STREAK THROUGH THE BLACK VOID, ZEROING IN FLAWLESSLY ON THE FLEEING SHIP..
.. AND THIS TIME, A BOLT PIERCES THE OVERLOADED RAY-DEFLECTORS, TO STRIKE THE SIDE OF THE SHIP!
REEEEEEE
THOUGH STILL PARTIALLY DEFLECTED, IT STILL CARRIES ENOUGH POWER TO BLOW OUT A LARGE CONTROL PANEL.
GAUGES WHINE IN PROTEST AT THE QUANTITY OF LETHAL ENERGY THEY ARE BEING ASKED TO MONITOR AND COMPENSATE FOR...
HRONK
..AND CHEWBACCA'S ANSWERING GRUNTS TO LEIA ARE NOT MUCH HAPPIER.


JUST THEN, ONE OF THE TIE FIGHTERS FLOATS DIRECTLY IN-TO LUKE'S SIGHTS.
HIS MOUTH MOVING SLIGHTLY, THE YOUTH FIRES AT IT
NEXT INSTANT, THE INCREDIBLY AGILE LITTLE VESSEL DARTS OUT OF RANGE--
--ONLY TO PASS BENEATH THE FALCON, AND INTO SOLO'S SIGHTS!
WITHOUT WARNING, THE FIGHTER ERUPTS IN AN INCREDIBLE FLASH OF MULTICOLORED LIGHT!
WE DID IT, KID!
A MOMENT LATER, THEY ARE FIRING AGAIN--LUKE STRIVING TO RELAX, TO BECOME PART OF HIS WEAPON.
AND THIS TIME--IT WORKS!
YET, EVEN AS LUKE FLASHES THE CORELLIAN SMUGGLER A GRIN OF TRIUMPH--
WE'RE NOT OUT OF THE WOODS YET, SONNY!
THERE'S STILL THREE MORE OF THEM!

CORRECTION-- TWO!
ALL RIGHT... TWO, THEN!
BUT WE'VE STILL LOST THE LATERAL CONTROLS FOR THE STARBOARD DEFLECTOR SHIELD!
FRONK!
DON'T WORRY, CREW! SHE'LL HOLD TOGETHER!
YOU HEAR ME, SHIP?!
HOLD TOGETHER!
Uh oh-- HEADS UP, GANG--
HERE THEY COME!
CHEWIE! TRY TO KEEP 'EM ON OUR PORT SIDE! IF WE--

SUDDENLY, THE CORELLIAN IS FORCED TO BREAK OFF, AS THE TIE-FIGHTER'S DEADLY ENERGY BOLTS REACH OUT TOWARD THE MILLENNIUM FALCON...
..AND HAN SOLO FINDS OUT THAT SPACE-MERCENARIES, TOO, CAN PRAY!
ALL IS GRIM SILENCE WITHIN THE FLEEING SMUGGLER-CRAFT...
FOR, THEY KNOW THAT ONE DIRECT HIT ON THE SIDE WITHOUT A DEFLECTOR SHIELD-- SPELLS DOOM!
ONE OF THE ENEMY CRAFT SUDDENLY FINDS ITSELF IN HAN'S GUN-SIGHTS -- AND IS INSTANTLY VAPORIZED!
BUT, AT THE SAME MOMENT, THE REMAINING TIE-FIGHTER HEADS FOR THE DEFENSELESS STARBOARD SIDE --
--AND LUKE FINDS HIMSELF FIRING STEADILY AT IT, IGNORING THE IMMENSELY POWERFUL ENERGY IT THROWS AT HIM!
AT THE LAST POSSIBLE INSTANT BEFORE IT PASSES OUT OF RANGE, HE SWINGS HIS WEAPON S NOZZLE MINUTELY--
-- HIS FINGER TIGHTENING CONVULSIVELY ON THE FIRE CONTROL--
NOW!

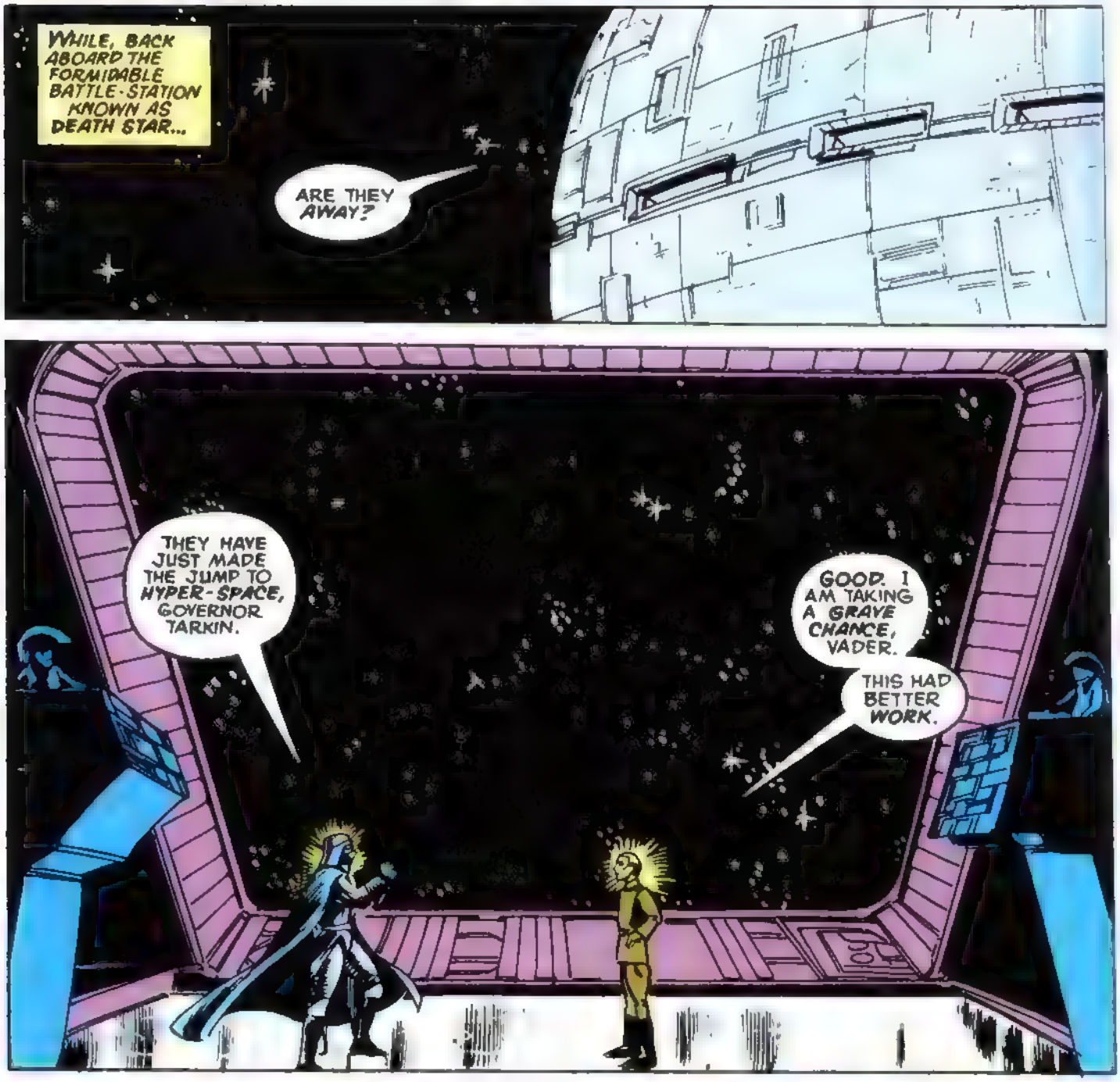

-- AND THE IMPERIAL FIGHTER TURNS INTO A RAPIDLY-EXPANDING CLOUD OF PHOSPHORESCING DUST!

THEN, INSIDE THE FALCON...
WE'VE MADE IT, PRINCESS!

AND THE CRY COMES BACK:
WE'VE MADE IT!!

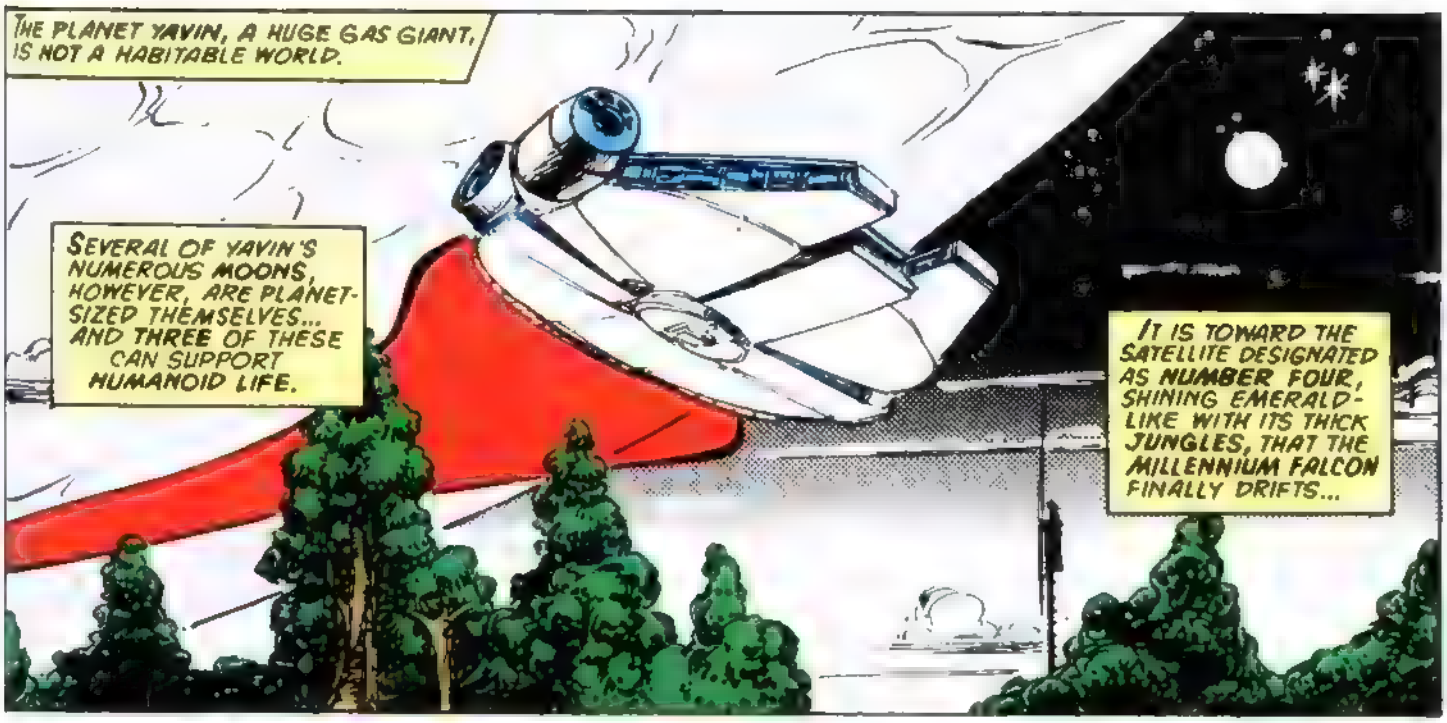
SO, WHAT DO YOU THINK, SWEETHEART?
NOT A BAD BIT OF RESCUING.
Y'KNOW, SOMETIMES I AMAZE EVEN MYSELF!

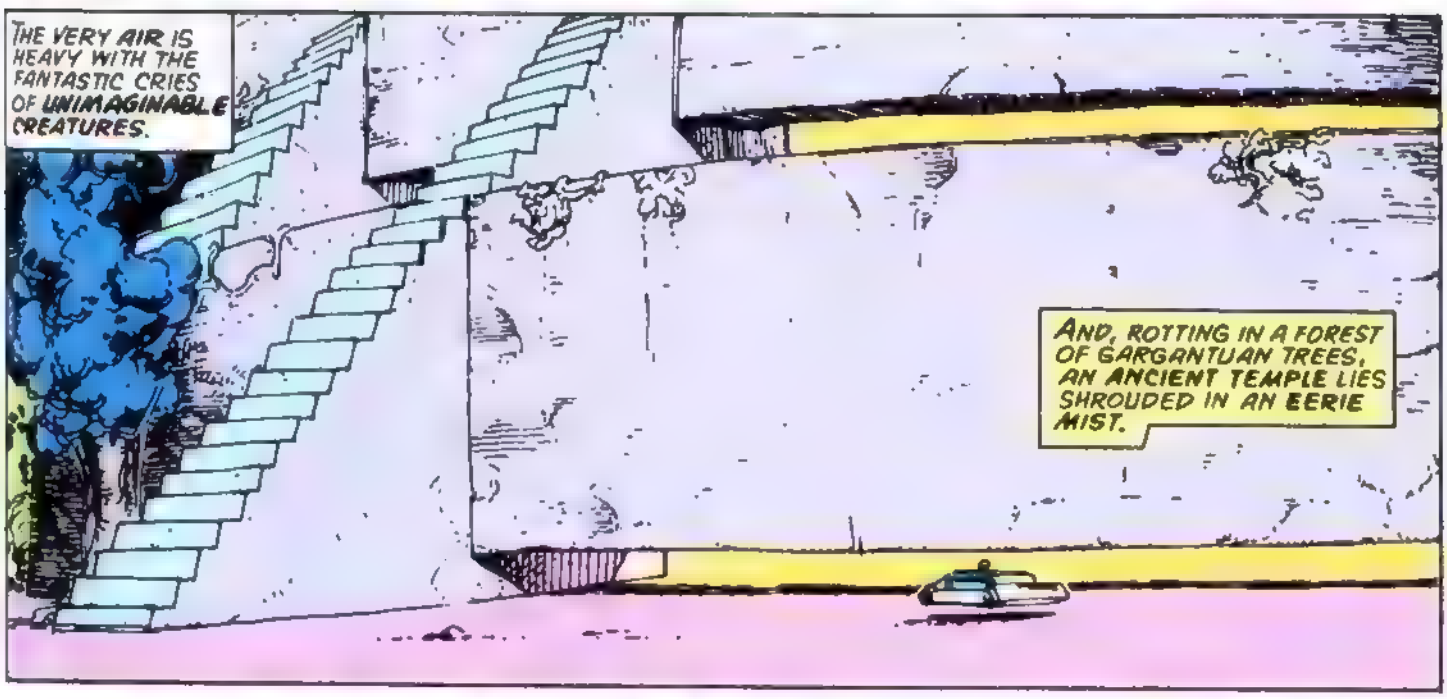
THAT DOESN'T SOUND TOO HARD.
AT LEAST THE INFORMATION IN THE R2 UNIT IS STILL INTACT.
WHAT'S THAT DROID CARRYING THAT'S SO IMPORTANT, ANYWAY?
THE TECHNICAL READ-OUTS OF THAT BATTLE-STATION!
I ONLY HOPE THAT WHEN THE DATA IS ANALYZED, ITS WEAKNESS CAN BE FOUND... AND QUICKLY.
OUR ESCAPE WAS EASY... FAR TOO EASY... TO SUIT ME!

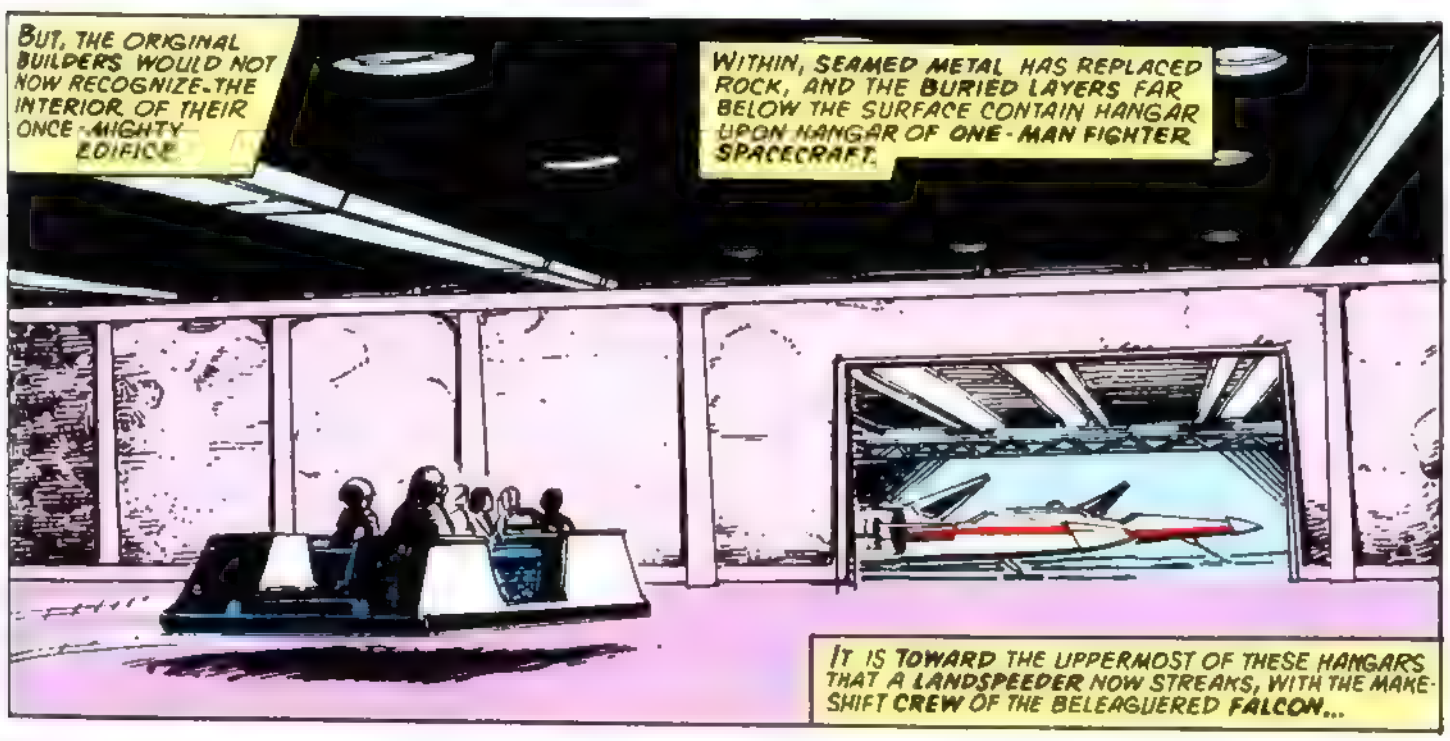

WHILE, BACK ABOARD THE FORMIDABLE BATTLE-STATION KNOWN AS DEATH STAR...
ARE THEY AWAY?
THEY HAVE JUST MADE THE JUMP TO HYPER-SPACE, GOVERNOR TARKIN.
GOOD. I AM TAKING A GRAVE CHANCE, VADER.
THIS HAD BETTER WORK.
ARE YOU CERTAIN THAT THE HOMING BEACON IS SECURE ABOARD THEIR SHIP--
--SO THAT WE CAN FOLLOW THEM WHEREVER THEY GO-- WHICH WILL DOUBTLESS BE THE MAIN REBEL BASE?
HAVE NO FEAR.
THIS WILL BE A DAY LONG REMEMBERED.
IT HAS SEEN THE END OF THE LAST OF THE JEDI KNIGHTS--
AND SOON, VERY SOON, IT WILL SEE THE END OF THE REBELLION ITSELF!

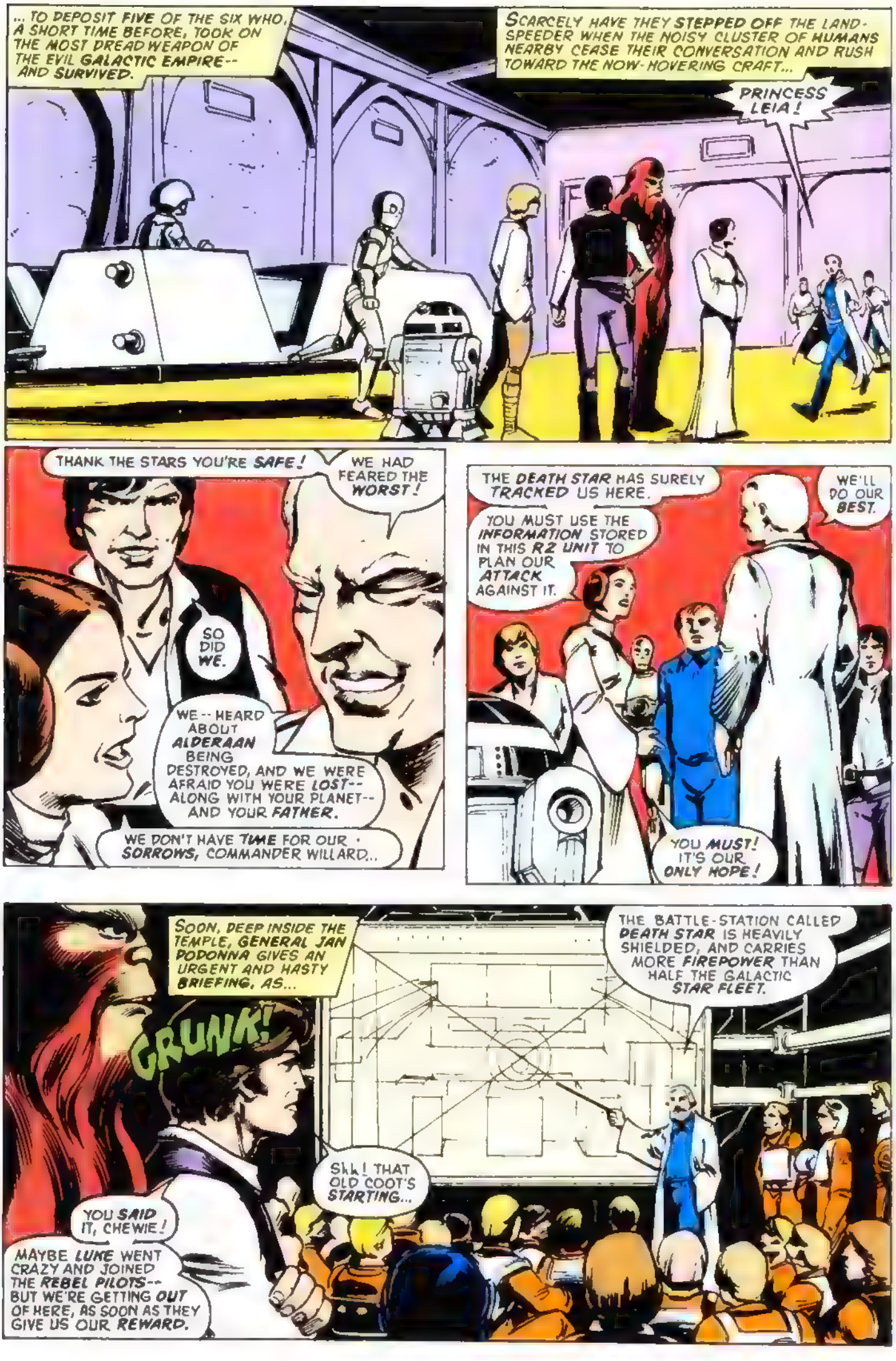
AS, BACK ABOARD THE MILLENNIUM FALCON, SOMEWHERE IN THE VOID KNOWN AS HYPER-SPACE...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN... OUR ESCAPE WAS "TOO EASY"!?
THEY LET US ESCAPE... DON'T YOU SEE?
THEY KNOW WE WILL TAKE R2-D2 STRAIGHT TO THE REBEL BASE--AND THEY UNDOUBTABLY MEAN TO TRAIL US THERE!
I ONLY HOPE THE DATA INSIDE ARTOO CAN BE ANALYZED QUICKLY, SO THAT WE CAN FIGHT BACK AGAINST--
CUT THAT "WE" STUFF, PRINCESS! IT'S ALL OVER FOR ME!
I'M NOT DOING THIS FOR YOUR REVOLUTION-- AND I'M NOT DOING IT FOR YOU.
I EXPECT TO BE PAID...
...WELL PAID!
YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR REWARD.
IF MONEY IS ALL THAT YOU LOVE...
...THAT IS WHAT YOU WILL RECEIVE.
WHAT ELSE IS THERE?
WELL?!
HAN SOLO WAITS FOR HIS ANSWER.. BUT THERE IS NONE.
YOUR FRIEND IS INDEED A MERCENARY, LUKE...

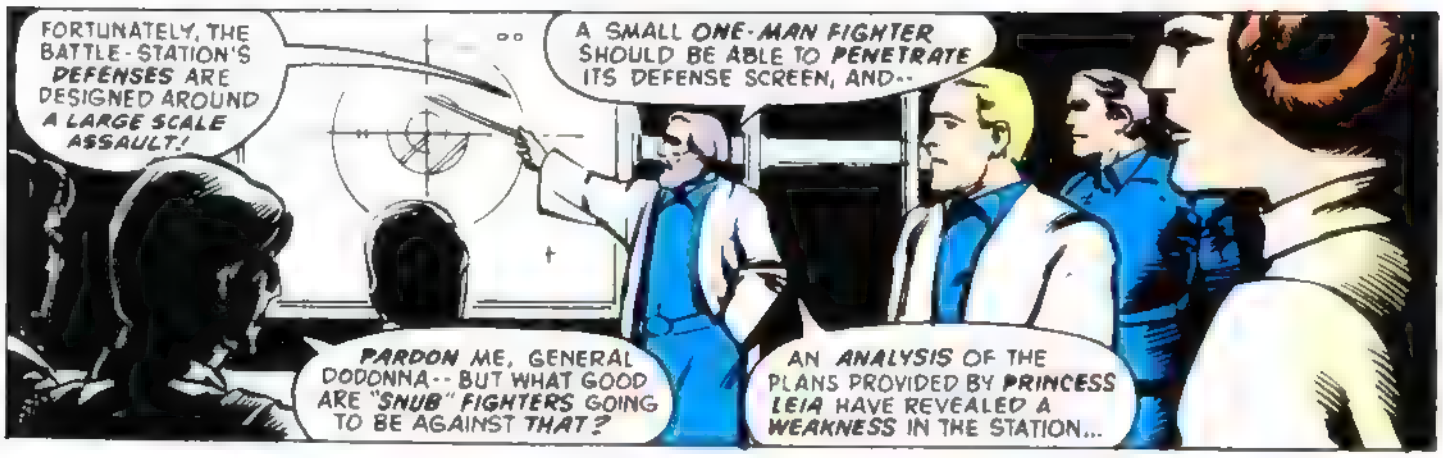
I WONDER IF HE REALLY CARES ABOUT ANYTHING...
...OR ANY-BODY!?
UH-- HE-- I--
I DO, PRINCESS!
I CARE!
LUKE STARES AFTER THE PRINCESS/ SENATOR UNTIL SHE DISAPPEARS INTO THE MAIN HOLD AREA. THEN--
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HER, HAN?
I TRY NOT TO.
GOOD...!
STILL, SHE'S GOT A LOT OF SPIRIT...!
LUKE HADN'T INTENDED HIS RESPONSE TO BE AUDIBLE... BUT THE QUICK-EARED SPACE PILOT OVER-HEARS IT NONE THE LESS...
I DON'T KNOW, LUKE...
DO YOU THINK IT'S POSSIBLE FOR A PRINCESS AND A GUY LIKE ME--?
NO.
SOLO SMILES AT THE YOUNGER MAN'S JEALOUSY-- AND HE'S UNCERTAIN IN HIS OWN MIND WHETHER HE ADDED THE COMMENT MERELY TO BAIT HIS NAIVE FRIEND...
...OR BECAUSE IT'S THE TRUTH.


THE PLANET YAVIN, A HUGE GAS GIANT, IS NOT A HABITABLE WORLD.
SEVERAL OF YAVIN'S NUMEROUS MOONS, HOWEVER, ARE PLANET-SIZED THEMSELVES... AND THREE OF THESE CAN SUPPORT HUMANOID LIFE.
IT IS TOWARD THE SATELLITE DESIGNATED AS NUMBER FOUR, SHINING EMERALD-LIKE WITH ITS THICK JUNGLES, THAT THE MILLENNIUM FALCON FINALLY DRIFTS...


THE VERY AIR IS HEAVY WITH THE FANTASTIC CRIES OF UNIMAGINABLE CREATURES.
AND, ROTTING IN A FOREST OF GARGANTUAN TREES, AN ANCIENT TEMPLE LIES SHROUDED IN AN EERIE MIST.


BUT, THE ORIGINAL BUILDERS WOULD NOT NOW RECOGNIZE THE INTERIOR OF THEIR ONCE-MIGHTY EDIFICE.
WITHIN, SEAMED METAL HAS REPLACED ROCK, AND THE BURIED LAYERS FAR BELOW THE SURFACE CONTAIN HANGAR UPON HANGAR OF ONE-MAN FIGHTER SPACECRAFT.
IT IS TOWARD THE UPPERMOST OF THESE HANGARS THAT A LANDSPEEDER NOW STREAKS, WITH THE MAKE-SHIFT CREW OF THE BELEAGUERED FALCON...


... TO DEPOSIT FIVE OF THE SIX WHO, A SHORT TIME BEFORE, TOOK ON THE MOST DREAD WEAPON OF THE EVIL GALACTIC EMPIRE-- AND SURVIVED.
SCARCELY HAVE THEY STEPPED OFF THE LAND-SPEEDER WHEN THE NOISY CLUSTER OF HUMANS NEARBY CEASE THEIR CONVERSATION AND RUSH TOWARD THE NOW-HOVERING CRAFT...
PRINCESS LEIA!
THANK THE STARS YOU'RE SAFE!
WE HAD FEARED THE WORST!
SO DID WE.
WE-- HEARD ABOUT ALDERAAN BEING DESTROYED, AND WE WERE AFRAID YOU WERE LOST-- ALONG WITH YOUR PLANET-- AND YOUR FATHER.
WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR OUR SORROWS, COMMANDER WILLARD...
THE DEATH STAR HAS SURELY TRACKED US HERE.
WE'LL DO OUR BEST.
YOU MUST USE THE INFORMATION STORED IN THIS R2 UNIT TO PLAN OUR ATTACK AGAINST IT.
YOU MUST! IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE!
SOON, DEEP INSIDE THE TEMPLE, GENERAL JAN DODONNA GIVES AN URGENT AND HASTY BRIEFING, AS...
GRUNK!
THE BATTLE-STATION CALLED DEATH STAR IS HEAVILY SHIELDED, AND CARRIES MORE FIREPOWER THAN HALF THE GALACTIC STAR FLEET.
Skk! THAT OLD COOT'S STARTING...
YOU SAID IT, CHEWIE!
MAYBE LUKE WENT CRAZY AND JOINED THE REBEL PILOTS-- BUT WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE, AS SOON AS THEY GIVE US OUR REWARD.

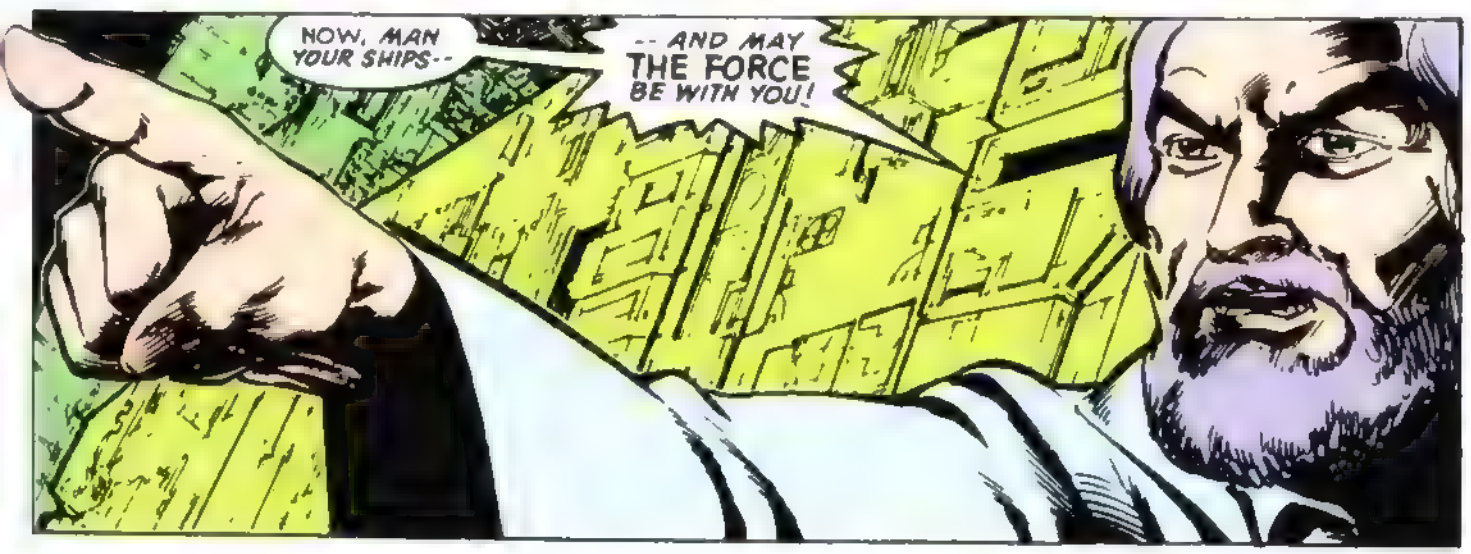

FORTUNATELY, THE BATTLE-STATION'S DEFENSES ARE DESIGNED AROUND A LARGE SCALE ASSAULT!
A SMALL ONE-MAN FIGHTER SHOULD BE ABLE TO PENETRATE ITS DEFENSE SCREEN, AND--
PARDON ME, GENERAL DODONNA-- BUT WHAT GOOD ARE "SNUB" FIGHTERS GOING TO BE AGAINST THAT?
AN ANALYSIS OF THE PLANS PROVIDED BY PRINCESS LEIA HAVE REVEALED A WEAKNESS IN THE STATION...

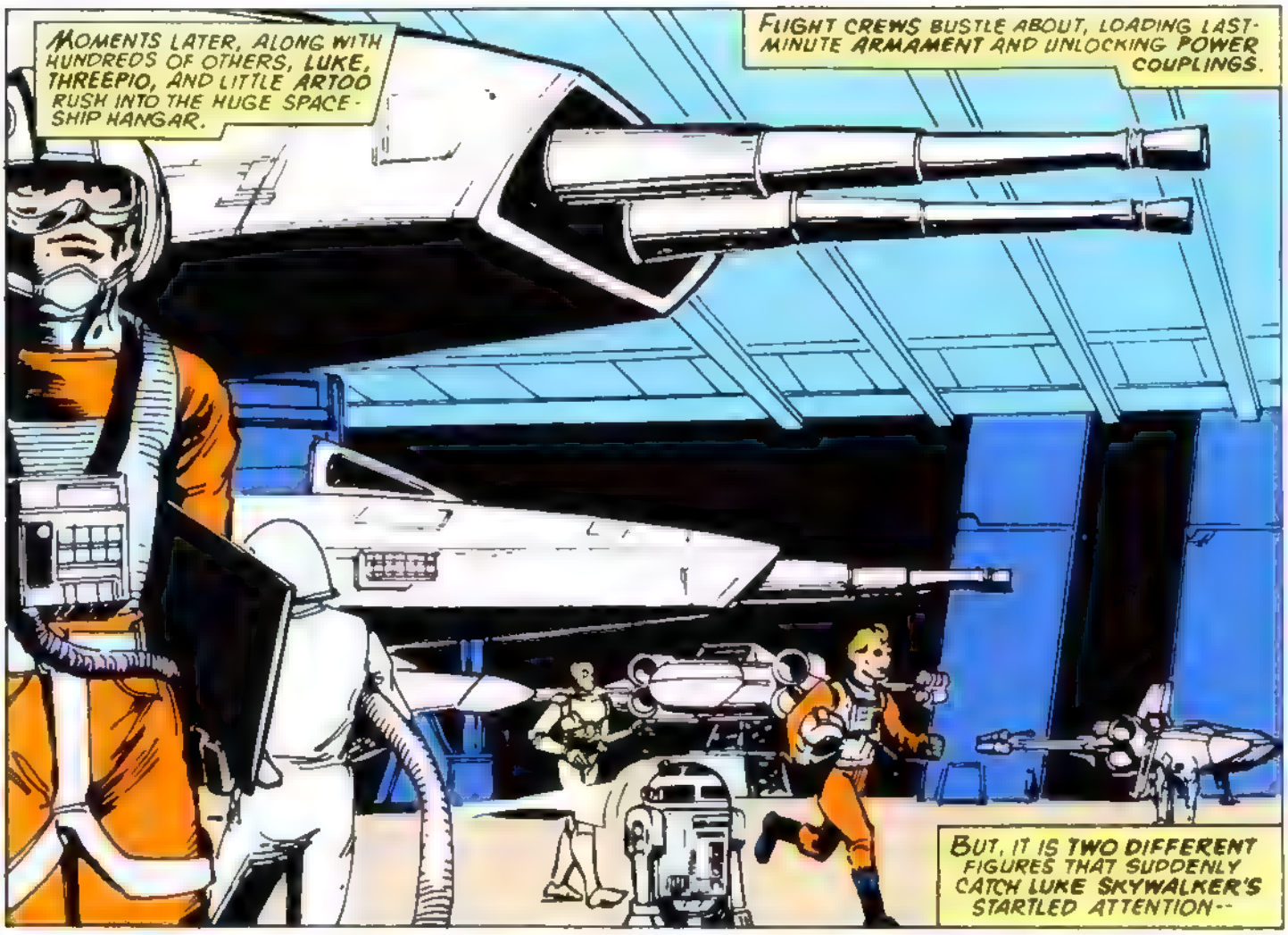
THERE IS A SMALL, UNSHIELDED THERMAL EXHAUST PORT THAT RUNS DIRECTLY INTO THE REACTOR SYSTEM.
A DIRECT HIT ON IT SHOULD SET UP A CHAIN REACTION THAT WILL DESTROY THE STATION.
UNFORTUNATELY, THE TARGET IS ONLY TWO METERS ACROSS-- AND YOU WILL HAVE TO HIT IT WITH PROTON TORPEDOES.

HIT A TWO METER TARGET-- AT MAXIMUM SPEED!?
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE-- EVEN FOR THE COMPUTER!
NO, IT ISN'T! I USED TO BULLS-EYE WOMP-RATS IN MY T-16 BACK HOME
THEY'RE NOT MUCH BIGGER THAN TWO METERS.

YOUR APPROACH WILL NOT BE EASY; YOU MUST MANEUVER STRAIGHT DOWN THIS SHAFT WHICH CIRCLES THE STATION
YOU MUST LEVEL OFF IN THE TRENCH THERE, AND SKIM THE SURFACE TO THE PRECISE TARGET AREA.

AND REMEMBER--ONLY A DIRECT HIT HAS A HOPE OF DESTROYING THE DEATH STAR--
--BEFORE IT DESTROYS THIS MOON-- AND THE HOPE OF THE REBELLION!


NOW, MAN YOUR SHIPS--
-- AND MAY THE FORCE BE WITH YOU!


MOMENTS LATER, ALONG WITH HUNDREDS OF OTHERS, LUKE, THREEPIO, AND LITTLE ARTOO RUSH INTO THE HUGE SPACE-SHIP HANGAR.
FLIGHT CREWS BUSTLE ABOUT, LOADING LAST-MINUTE ARMAMENT AND UNLOCKING POWER COUPLINGS.
BUT, IT IS TWO DIFFERENT FIGURES THAT SUDDENLY CATCH LUKE SKYWALKER'S STARTLED ATTENTION--

--THE HUGE WOOKIEE NAMED CHEWBACCA, AND--
HAN!
SO YOU GOT YOUR REWARD-- AND YOU'RE LEAVING!
THAT'S RIGHT, KID. I'VE GOT SOME OLD DEBTS TO PAY OFF... AND EVEN IF I DIDN'T, I'D BE A FOOL TO STICK AROUND HERE.
YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD IN A SCRAP YOURSELF...

...SO WHY DON'T YOU COME WITH US?
I COULD USE YOU..!
WHY DON'T YOU LOOK AROUND, HAN?
YOU KNOW WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN... WHAT THEY'RE UP AGAINST
THEY COULD USE A GOOD PILOT-- BUT YOU'RE TURNING YOUR BACK ON THEM!

WHAT GOOD'S A REWARD IF YOU'RE NOT AROUND TO SPEND IT?
ATTACKING THAT BATTLE-STATION ISN'T MY IDEA OF COURAGE; IT'S MORE LIKE SUICIDE.
HRUNK
SHUT UP, CHEWIE! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.
WELL.. TAKE CARE OF YOUR-SELF, HAN...

...BUT, I GUESS THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE BEST AT, ISN'T IT?
LUKE SKYWALKER HARDLY HEARS HAN SOLO'S WHISPERED FAREWELL:
"MAY THE FORCE BE WITH YOU!"

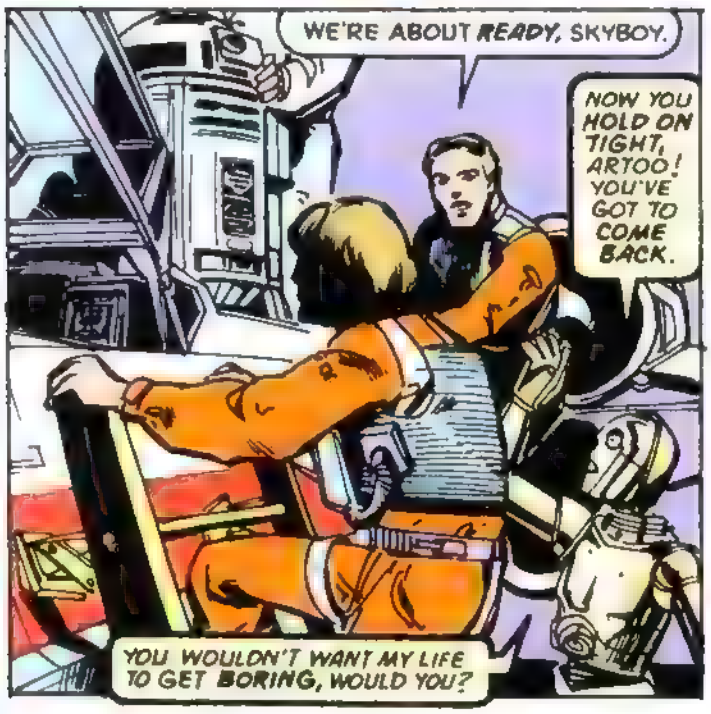
AS LUKE REACHES HIS ASSIGNED SHIP, PRINCESS LEIA IS THERE WAITING...
ARE YOU SURE THIS IS WHAT YOU WANT TO DO, LUKE?
MORE THAN ANYTHING.
THEN, WHAT'S WRONG?
IT'S HAN! I THOUGHT HE'D CHANGE HIS MIND...
A MAN MUST FOLLOW HIS OWN PATH; NO ONE CAN CHOOSE IT FOR HIM.
YEAH... I KNOW. I ONLY WISH.. BEN WERE HERE.
MAY "THE FORCE" BE WITH YOU, LUKE!
LUKE! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! HOW'D YOU GET MIXED UP IN THIS?
BIGGS!* I THOUGHT YOU'D BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE!
HAVE I GOT SOME STORIES TO TELL YOU, OLD BUDDY!
*LUKE'S CHILDHOOD CHUM, FROM ISH #1. --Roy
ARE YOU LUKE SKYWALKER?
SURE AM, "BLUE LEADER"!
HAVE YOU BEEN CHECKED OUT ON THE INCOM T-65?
WELL, I... NOT EXACTLY, I... uh...
SIR, LUKE HERE IS THE BEST BUSH-PILOT IN THE OUTER-RIM TERRITORIES.
I'LL VOUCH FOR HIM!

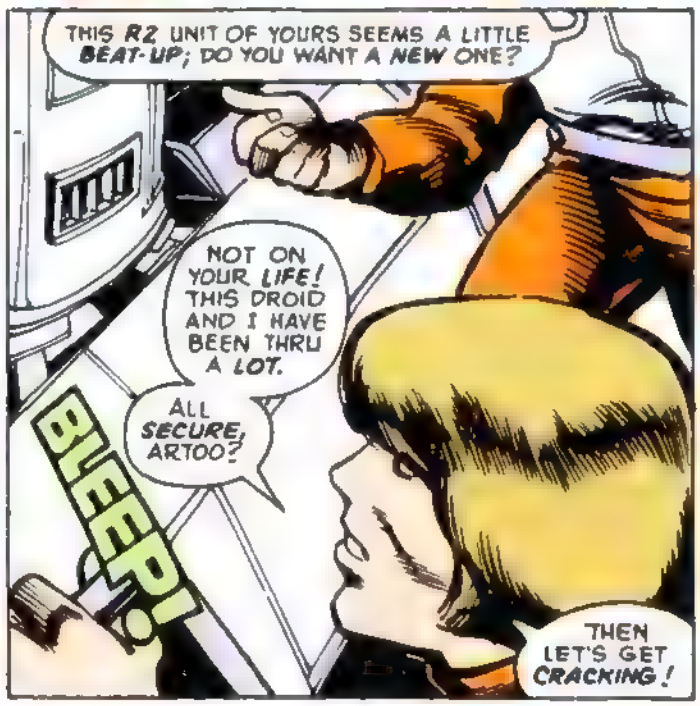
OUTER RIM? SKYWALKER-- OF COURSE!
I MET YOUR FATHER ONCE, WHEN I WAS JUST A BOY! HE WAS A GREAT PILOT!
IF YOU'VE GOT HALF YOUR FATHER'S SKILL, YOU'LL DO BETTER THAN ALL RIGHT!
I'LL TRY, SIR!

AND YOU'LL MAKE IT-- I'M SURE OF IT.
THE GALAXY'LL BE A LOT BETTER OFF WHEN THE SONS OF THE ORIGINAL JEDI KNIGHTS ARE BACK ON THE SCENE!
TH-THANK YOU, SIR!

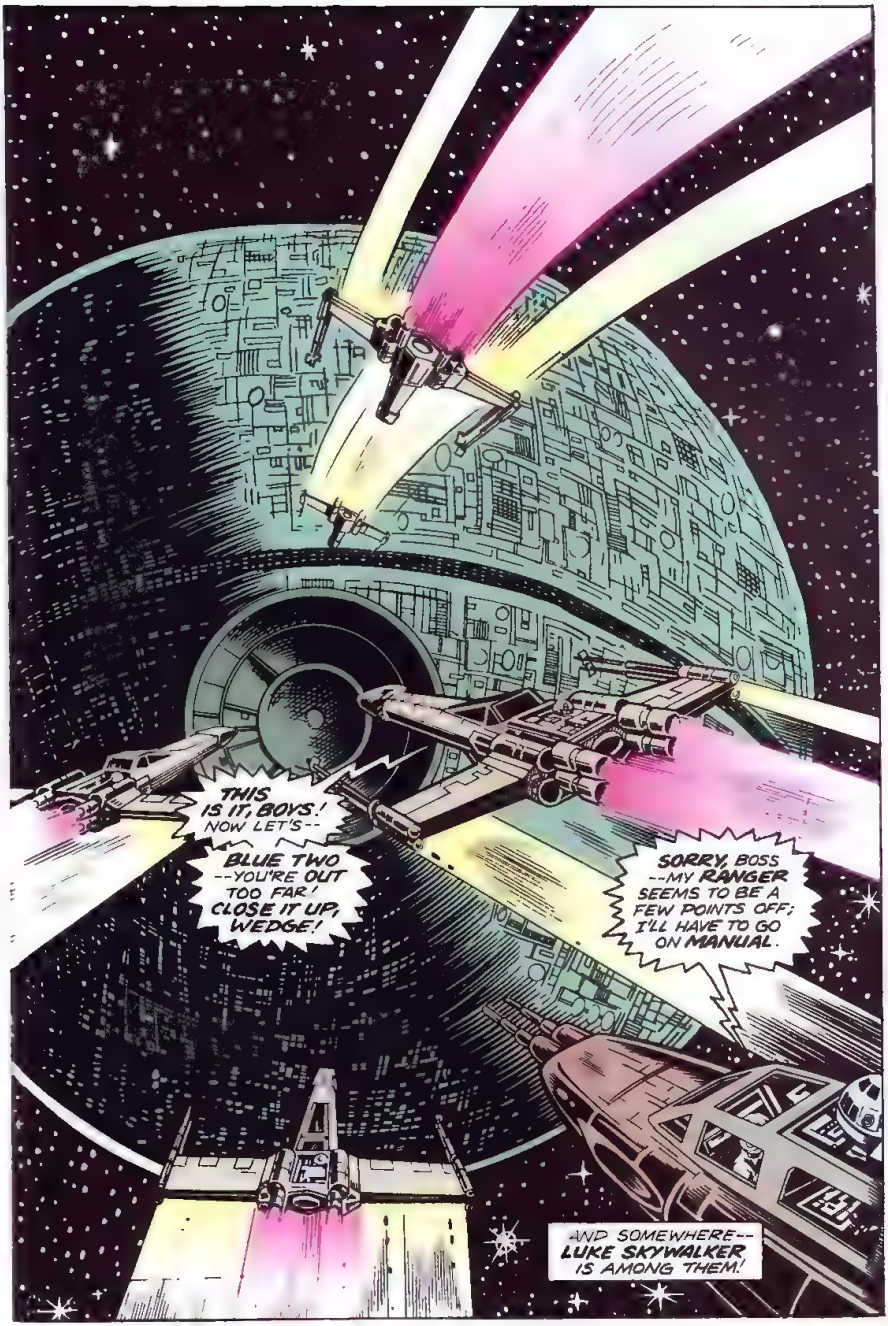
WELL, I'VE GOT TO GET ABOARD, LUKE.
LISTEN, YOU'LL TELL ME ALL YOUR STORIES WHEN WE COME BACK, ALL RIGHT?
I TOLD YOU I'D MAKE IT SOMEDAY, BIGGS!
YOU MADE IT, ALL RIGHT...

IT'S GOING TO BE LIKE OLD TIMES, LITTLE BUDDY!
WE'RE A COUPLE OF SHOOTING STARS THAT'LL NEVER BE STOPPED!
MAY THE FORCE BE WITH YOU!
AND WITH YOU, BIGGS!

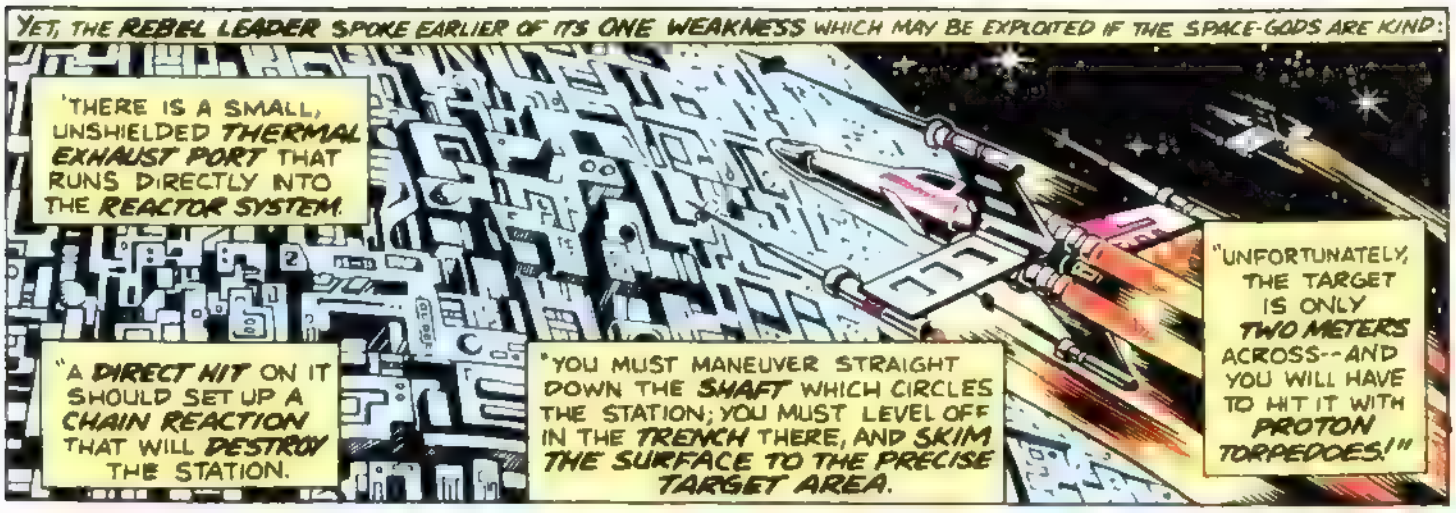

WE'RE ABOUT READY, SKYBOY.
NOW YOU HOLD ON TIGHT, ARTOO! YOU'VE GOT TO COME BACK.
YOU WOULDN'T WANT MY LIFE TO GET BORING, WOULD YOU?

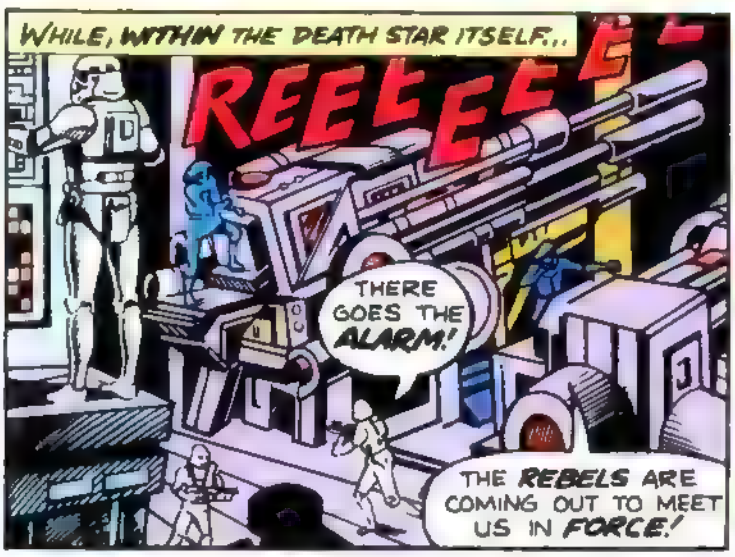

THIS R2 UNIT OF YOURS SEEMS A LITTLE BEAT-UP; DO YOU WANT A NEW ONE?
NOT ON YOUR LIFE! THIS DROID AND I HAVE BEEN THRU A LOT.
ALL SECURE, ARTOO?
BLEEP!
THEN LET'S GET CRACKING!

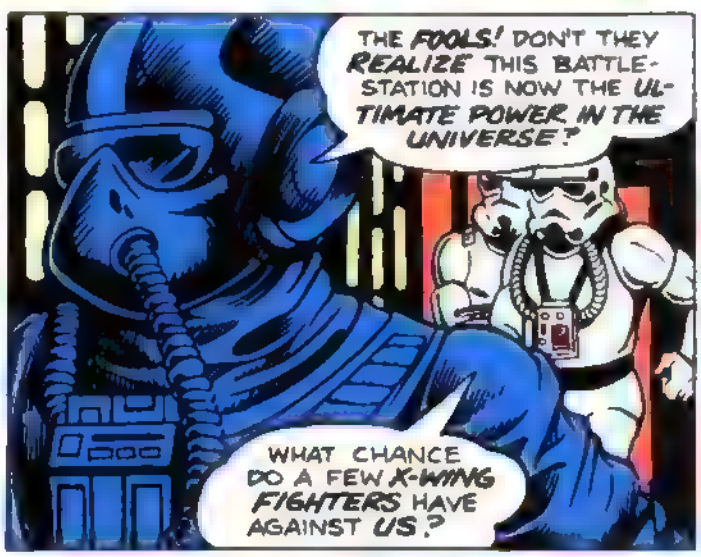
NOW, PRINCESS LEIA ORGANA STANDS SILENTLY BEFORE THE HUGE DISPLAY SCREEN ON WHICH YAVIN AND ITS MANY MOONS ARE DEPICTED.
UPON THAT SCREEN, A LARGE RED DOT MOVES STEADILY TOWARD THE FOURTH OF THOSE SATELLITES...
THE RED, PRINCESS, REPRESENTS THE PROGRESS OF THE IMPERIAL DEATH STAR AS IT MOVES DEEPER INTO YAVIN'S SYSTEM.
HOW-- HOW LONG, COMMANDER, BEFORE IT WILL BE ABLE TO FIRE ON US--AND DESTROY THIS WORLD?
NO MORE THAN HALF AN HOUR.
AND NOW-- THE SHIPS ARE AWAY!
NEXT MOMENT, THE MUTED, GRUESOME ANIMAL-CRIES WHICH NATURALLY PERMEATE THIS STRANGE MOON-WORLD ARE OVERWHELMED BY THE THUNDERING DIN OF FOUR ION ROCKETS--
--AS A STREAM OF SILVER STARSHIPS CATAPULT FROM THE FOLIAGE IN A TIGHT FORMATION--
--TO DISAPPEAR INTO THE MORNING CLOUD COVER!
BLUE BOYS, THIS IS BLUE LEADER!
ADJUST YOUR SELECTORS, AND CHECK IN.
APPROACHING TARGET AT 1.3 PARSECS...
NOW--IT'S DO OR DIE!
OR PERHAPS BOTH, BLUE LEADER... PERHAPS BOTH!


THIS IS IT, BOYS! NOW LET'S--
BLUE TWO --YOU'RE OUT TOO FAR! CLOSE IT UP, WEDGE!
SORRY, BOSS --MY RANGER SEEMS TO BE A FEW POINTS OFF; I'LL HAVE TO GO ON MANUAL.
AND SOMEWHERE-- LUKE SKYWALKER IS AMONG THEM!

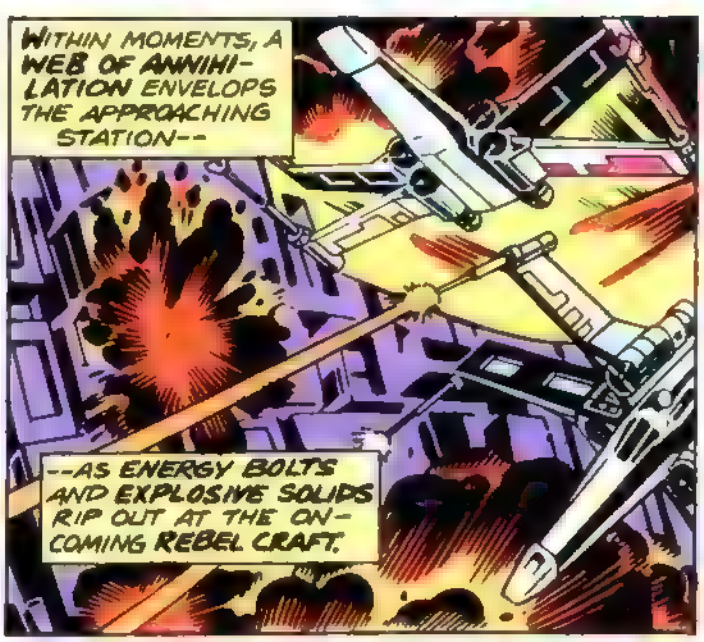
"STAND BY TO LOCK "S-FOILS" IN ATTACK POSITIONS!"
BLUE TWO STANDING BY, BLUE LEADER.
BLUE THREE STANDING BY.
BLUE FOUR STANDING BY.
BLUE FIVE STANDING BY.
BLUE SIX STANDING BY
EXECUTE!
LIKE NARROW SEEDS, THE DOUBLE WINGS ON THE X-WING FIGHTERS SUDDENLY SPLIT APART.
THE SHIPS HAVE NOW BECOME DEADLY, X-SHAPED DARTS, THEIR WING-MOUNTED ARMAMENT AND QUADRUPLE ENGINES NOW DEPLOYED FOR MAXIMUM FIREPOWER AND MANEUVERABILITY.
THEIR TARGET: THE LOOMING, EVER-NEARER DEATH STAR!
AND, IN THE COCKPIT OF "BLUE FIVE," ALIAS LUKE SKYWALKER:
BLUE LEADER, HERE' WE'RE PASSING THROUGH THEIR MAGNETIC SHIELDS--HOLD TIGHT!
LOCK DOWN YOUR CONTROL UNITS--SWITCH YOUR DEFLECTOR SHIELDS ON--DOUBLE FRONT!
CHECK, BLUE LEADER!
KEEP THE CHANNELS QUIET UNTIL WE'VE REACHED THE SURFACE!
ALL SIX MEN OF BLUE GROUP--AND THOSE OF THE OTHERS, AS WELL--KNOW THAT THEY HAVE NO CHANCE OF DENTING THE IMPREGNABLE DEFENSES...


YET, THE REBEL LEADER SPOKE EARLIER OF ITS ONE WEAKNESS WHICH MAY BE EXPLOITED IF THE SPACE-GODS ARE KIND:
"THERE IS A SMALL, UNSHIELDED THERMAL EXHAUST PORT THAT RUNS DIRECTLY INTO THE REACTOR SYSTEM.
"A DIRECT HIT ON IT SHOULD SET UP A CHAIN REACTION THAT WILL DESTROY THE STATION.
"YOU MUST MANEUVER STRAIGHT DOWN THE SHAFT WHICH CIRCLES THE STATION; YOU MUST LEVEL OFF IN THE TRENCH THERE, AND SKIM THE SURFACE TO THE PRECISE TARGET AREA.
"UNFORTUNATELY, THE TARGET IS ONLY TWO METERS ACROSS--AND YOU WILL HAVE TO HIT IT WITH PROTON TORPEDOES!"


WHILE, WITHIN THE DEATH STAR ITSELF...
REEEEE
THERE GOES THE ALARM!
THE REBELS ARE COMING OUT TO MEET US IN FORCE!

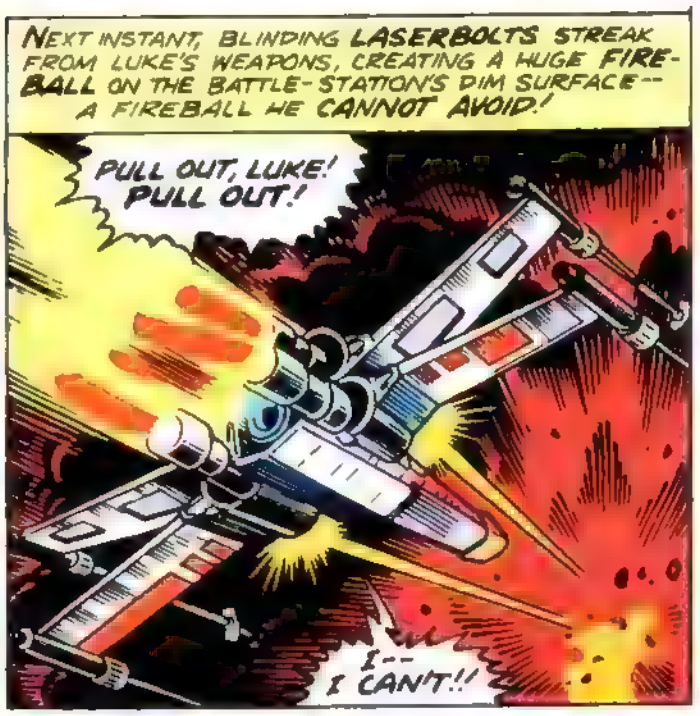

THE FOOLS! DON'T THEY REALIZE THIS BATTLE-STATION IS NOW THE ULTIMATE POWER IN THE UNIVERSE?
WHAT CHANCE DO A FEW X-WING FIGHTERS HAVE AGAINST US?

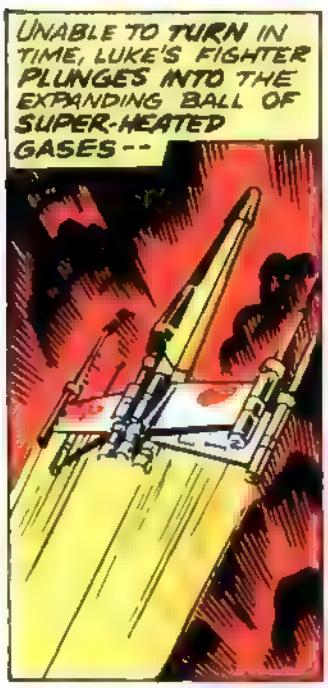
THEY'RE MAD, THAT'S WHAT THEY ARE!
WHY AREN'T THEY SIMPLY DEFENDING THEMSELVES ON YAVIN'S FOURTH MOON AS WE EXPECTED?
NO MATTER! WE'LL BLAST THEM RIGHT OUT OF THE SKY!


WITHIN MOMENTS, A WEB OF ANNIHILATION ENVELOPS THE APPROACHING STATION--
--AS ENERGY BOLTS AND EXPLOSIVE SOLIDS RIP OUT AT THE ONCOMING REBEL CRAFT.

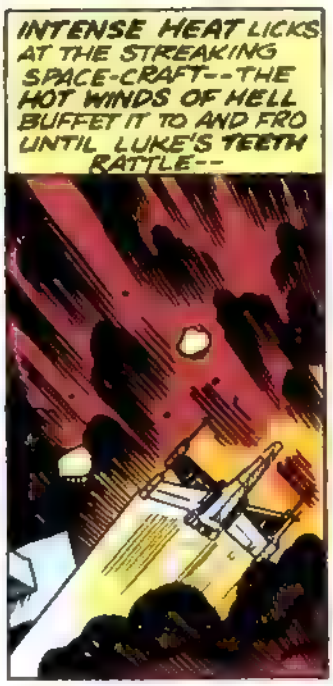
THEN, AS BLUE GROUP DRAWS NEAR THE BATTLE-STATION...
BLUE THREE, THIS IS BLUE FIVE! HI, BIGGS!
HI YOURSELF, LUKE! WHAT--?

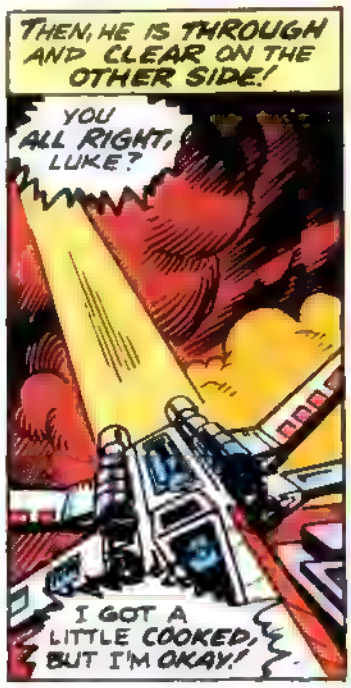
I'M GOING IN, BLUE THREE!
COVER ME!
I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU, BLUE FIVE!


NEXT INSTANT, BLINDING LASERBOLTS STREAK FROM LUKE'S WEAPONS, CREATING A HUGE FIRE-BALL ON THE BATTLE-STATION'S DIM SURFACE--A FIREBALL HE CANNOT AVOID!
PULL OUT, LUKE! PULL OUT!
I-- I CAN'T!!


UNABLE TO TURN IN TIME, LUKE'S FIGHTER PLUNGES INTO THE EXPANDING BALL OF SUPER-HEATED GASES--

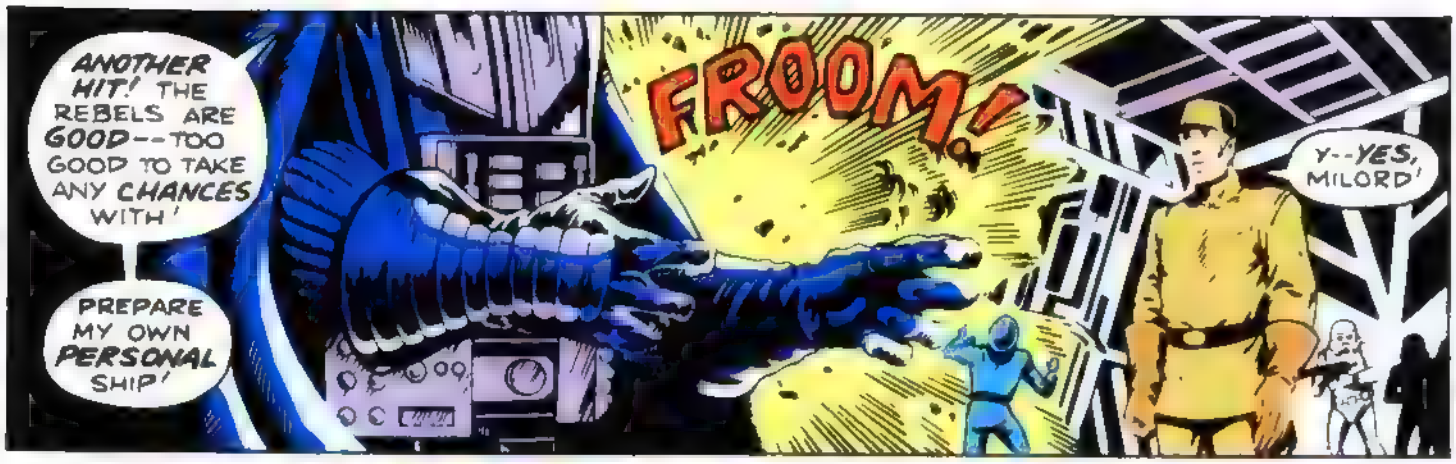
--WHERE LUKE SKYWALKER KNOWS THE TERRORS OF THE DAMNED!


INTENSE HEAT LICKS AT THE STREAKING SPACE-CRAFT--THE HOT WINDS OF HELL BUFFET IT TO AND FRO UNTIL LUKE'S TEETH RATTLE--


THEN, HE IS THROUGH AND CLEAR ON THE OTHER SIDE!
YOU ALL RIGHT, LUKE?
I GOT A LITTLE COOKED, BUT I'M OKAY!

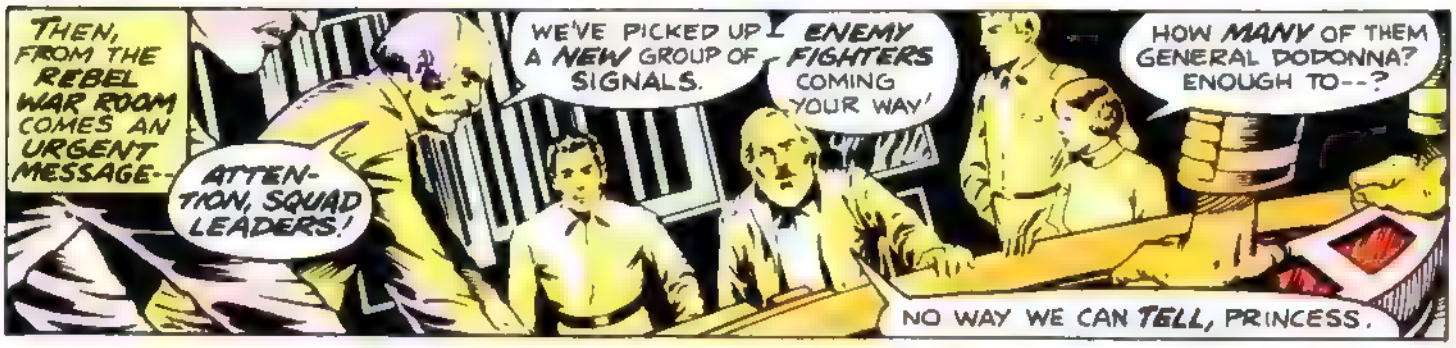
AND, MOVING AMID THE CHAOS WITH THE EMBATTLED DEATH STAR IS... DARTH VADER!
WE COUNT AT LEAST THIRTY REBEL SHIPS, LORD VADER--BUT THEY'RE SO SMALL, THEY'RE EVADING OUR TURBO-LASERS!
GET THE CREWS TO THEIR FIGHTERS, AND PREPARE TO LIFT OUT IMMEDIATELY!

THIS STATION IS NOT DESIGNED TO DO BATTLE WITH SUCH PUNY, INSIGNIFICANT SPACE-CRAFT... AND THAT COULD BE ITS FATAL FLAW!
WE'LL HAVE TO DESTROY THE REBELS, SHIP TO SHIP!
YES, LORD VADER.


ANOTHER HIT! THE REBELS ARE GOOD--TOO GOOD TO TAKE ANY CHANCES WITH!
PREPARE MY OWN PERSONAL SHIP!
FROOM!
Y--YES, MILORD!

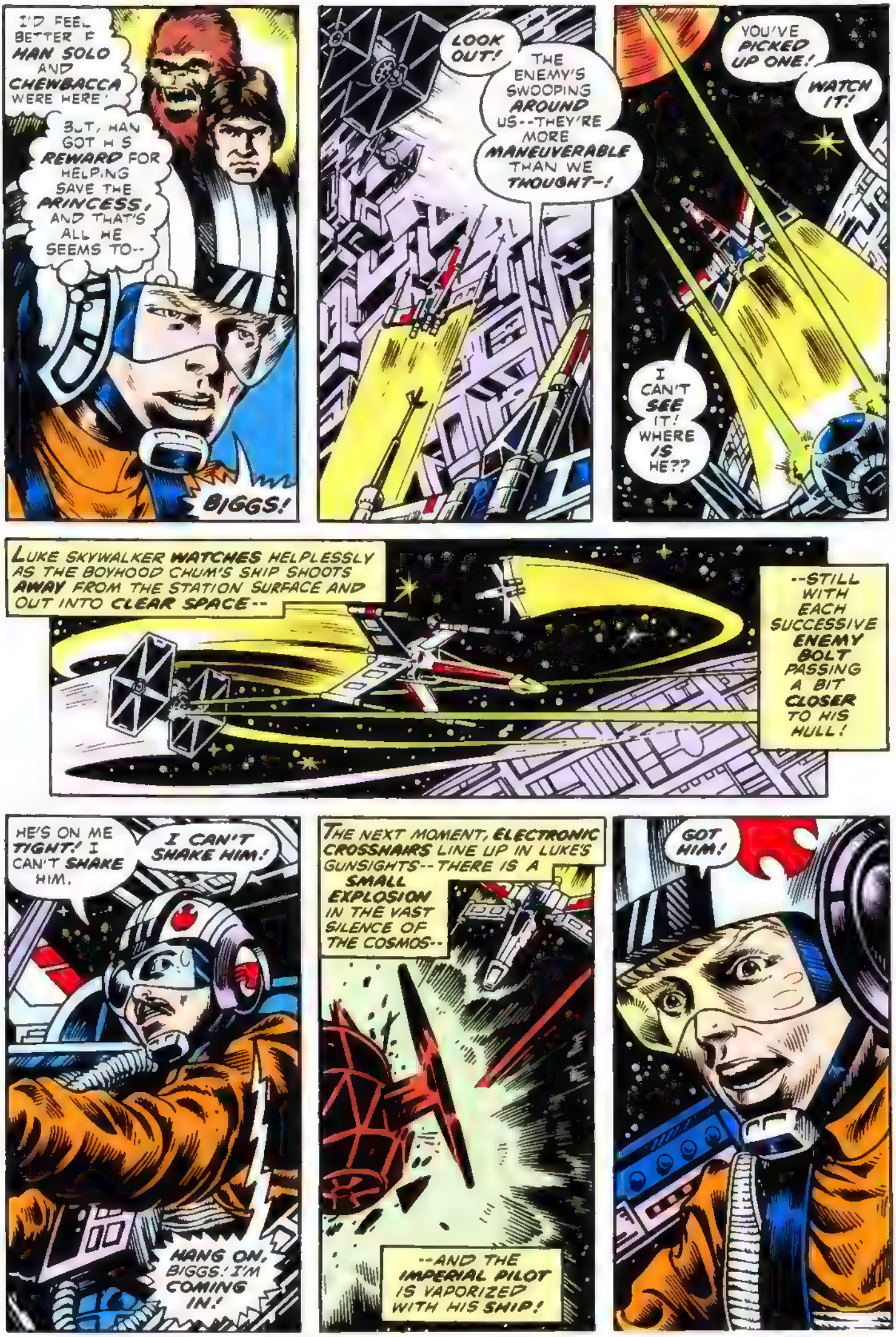
I'LL DEAL MYSELF WITH ANY WHO DARE COME TOO CLOSE!

AS DARTH VADER PREPARES TO DO BATTLE, THE REBEL SPACE-CRAFT CONTINUE THEIR ENERGY-RUNS...
AND LUKE, RECALLING HIS EARLIER WISECRACK, REFLECTS THAT IT REALLY IS LIKE HUNTING WOMP-RATS BACK HOME IN THE CRUMBLING CANYONS OF TATOOINE!

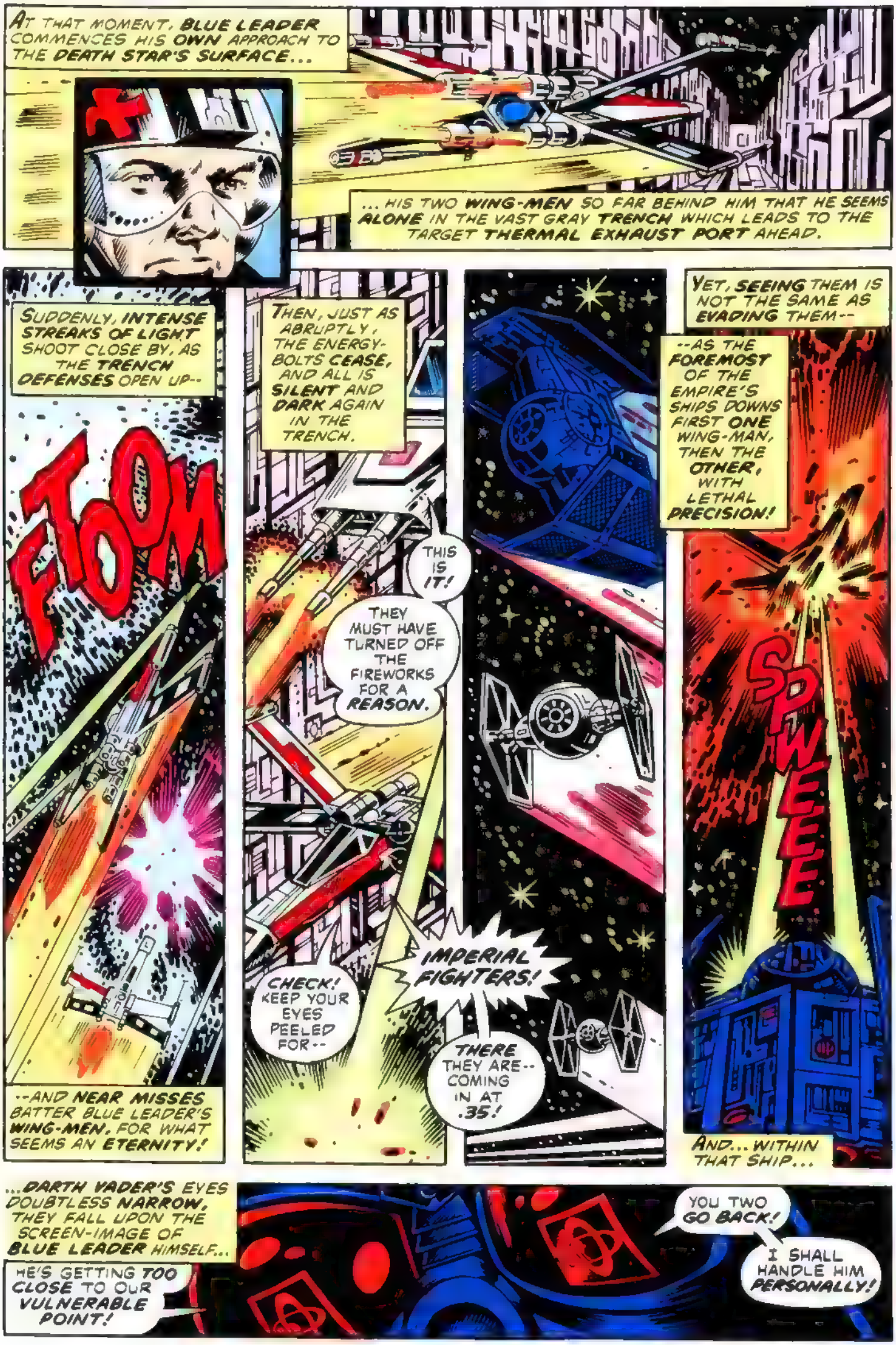

THEN, FROM THE REBEL WAR ROOM COMES AN URGENT MESSAGE--
ATTENTION, SQUAD LEADERS!
WE'VE PICKED UP A NEW GROUP OF SIGNALS.
ENEMY FIGHTERS COMING YOUR WAY!
HOW MANY OF THEM GENERAL DODONNA? ENOUGH TO--?
NO WAY WE CAN TELL, PRINCESS.

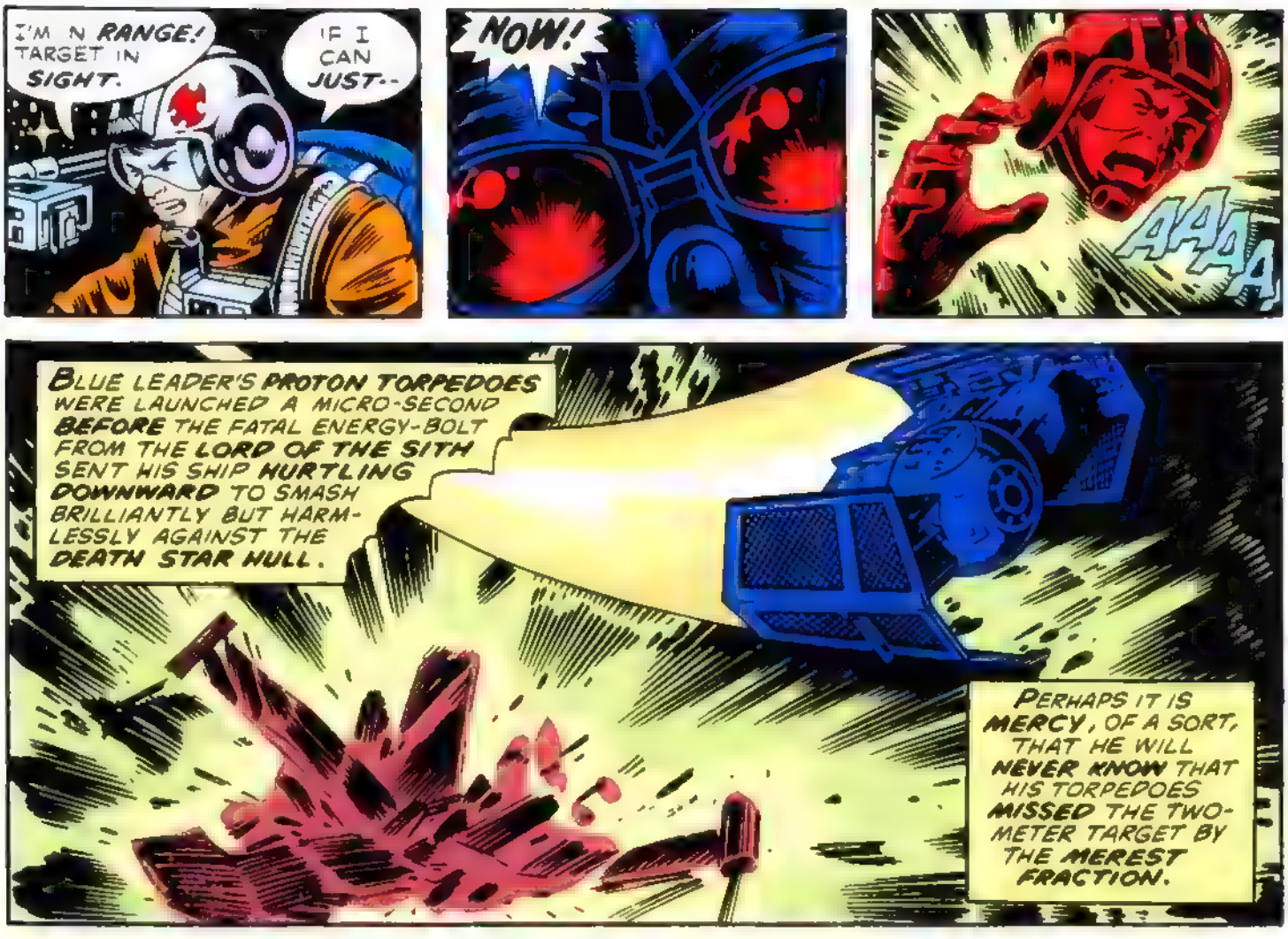
AND, OUT IN SPACE--
MY SCOPE'S NEGATIVE!
I DON'T SEE ANYTHING! I--WAIT A MINUTE--!

HERE THEY COME!

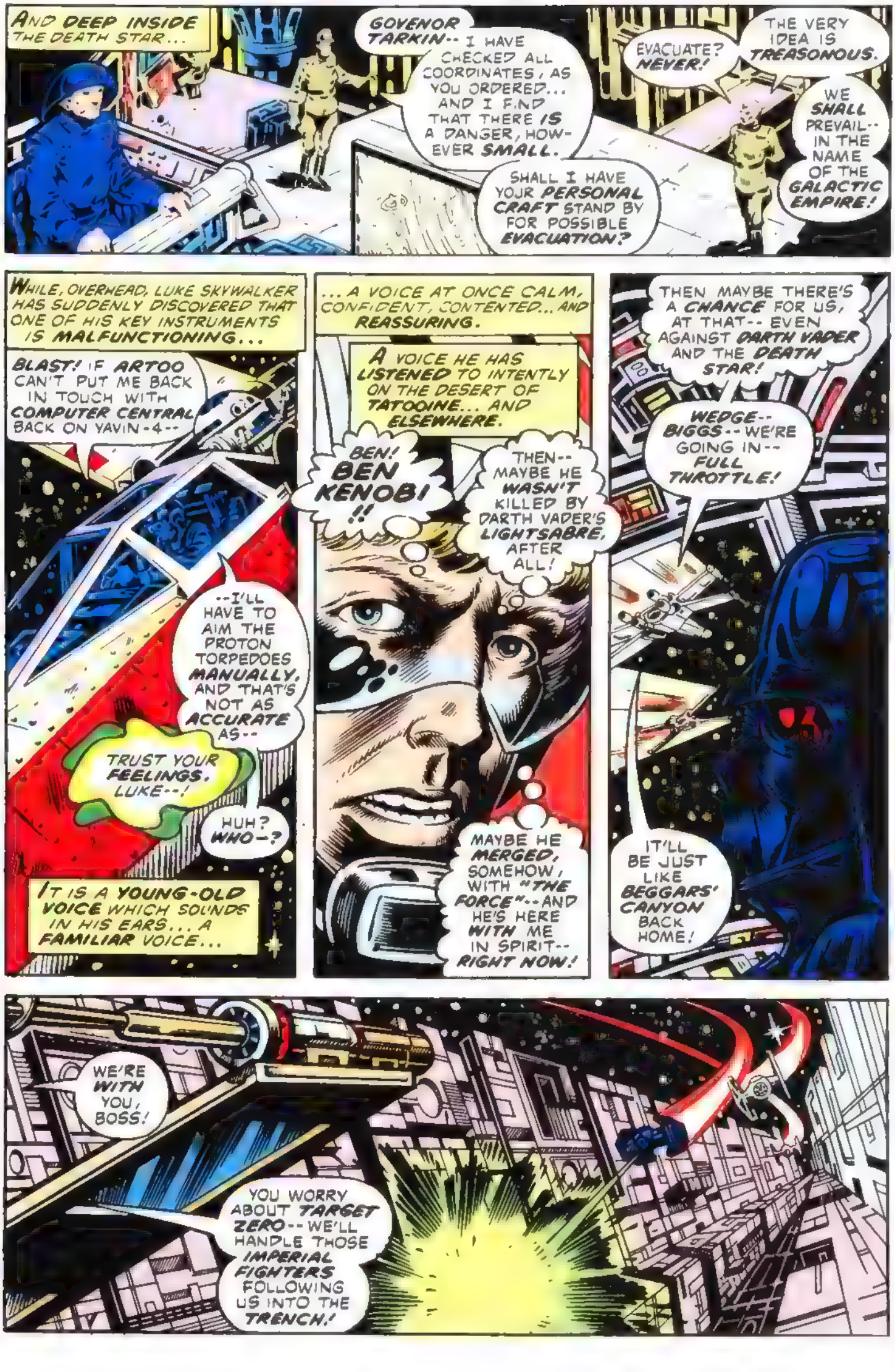

I'D FEEL BETTER IF HAN SOLO AND CHEWBACCA WERE HERE!
BUT, HAN GOT HIS REWARD FOR HELPING SAVE THE PRINCESS, AND THAT'S ALL HE SEEMS TO--
BIGGS!
LOOK OUT!
THE ENEMY'S SWOOPING AROUND US--THEY'RE MORE MANEUVERABLE THAN WE THOUGHT--!
YOU'VE PICKED UP ONE!
WATCH IT!
I CAN'T SEE IT! WHERE IS HE??
LUKE SKYWALKER WATCHES HELPLESSLY AS THE BOYHOOD CHUM'S SHIP SHOOTS AWAY FROM THE STATION SURFACE AND OUT INTO CLEAR SPACE--
--STILL WITH EACH SUCCESSIVE ENEMY BOLT PASSING A BIT CLOSER TO HIS HULL!
HE'S ON ME TIGHT! I CAN'T SHAKE HIM.
I CAN'T SHAKE HIM!
HANG ON, BIGGS! I'M COMING IN!
THE NEXT MOMENT, ELECTRONIC CROSSHAIRS LINE UP IN LUKE'S GUNSIGHTS--THERE IS A SMALL EXPLOSION IN THE VAST SILENCE OF THE COSMOS--
--AND THE IMPERIAL PILOT IS VAPORIZED WITH HIS SHIP!
GOT HIM!

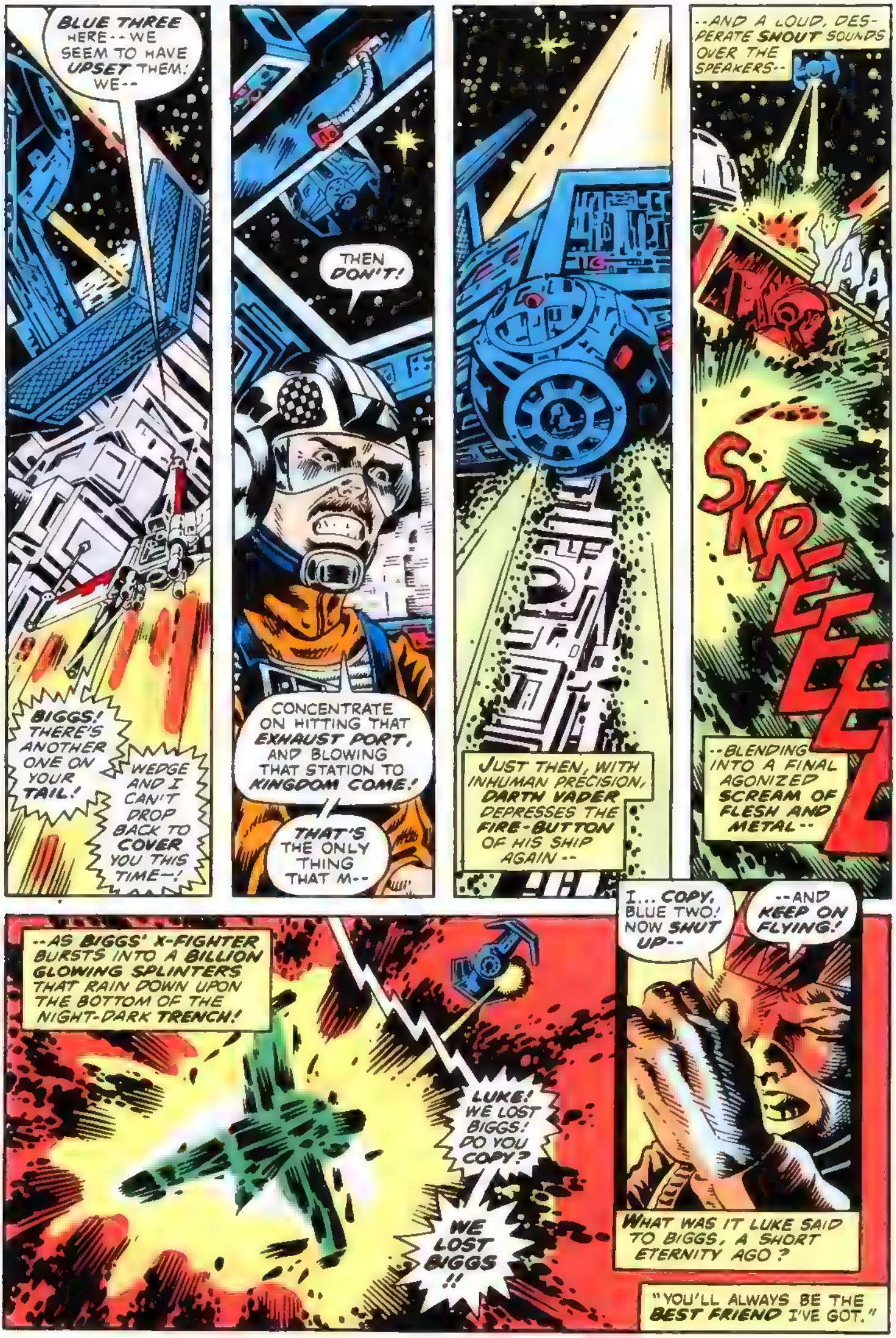
WITHIN THE REBEL TEMPLE-FORTRESS ON YAVIN'S MOON, LEIA AND HER GENERALS ARE OBSERVING THE ACTIONS ONE SECOND ON A SPACIOUS SCREEN--
--AND THE FOLLOWING INSTANT--
THE IMAGE HAS FADED, PRINCESS! THE HIGH-BAND RECEIVE HAS FAILED!
THEN SWITCH TO AUDIO ONLY--AND DO THE BEST YOU CAN!
OH DEAR! EVEN WITH ARTOO DETOO SERVING AS HIS R2 UNIT, MASTER LUKE IS LIKELY TO BE HURT.
I DO WISH HE WOULDN'T TAKE SO MANY CHANCES.
SO DO I, THREE-P.O...
MEANWHILE, HIGH ABOVE, BLUE FOUR HAS BECOME THE FIRST REBEL CRAFT OF BLUE GROUP TO FALL BEFORE THE DEADLY IMPERIAL LASERBOLTS...
...AND LUKE SKYWALKER LOOKS AS IF HE MAY SOON BECOME THE SECOND!
SO, DO I!
TIE FIGHTER ON MY TAIL!
CAN'T SHAKE HIM!
BLUE TWO HERE.
I'M ON HIM, LUKE.
HOLD ON!
THE YOUNGEST OF THE REBEL PILOTS DOESN'T HAVE TO WAIT VERY LONG...
THANKS, WEDGE! I--
WAIT!
BLUE SIX IS HIT!
COME IN, BLUE SIX!
PORKINS! DO YOU READ? EJECT!
EJECT!
I-I'M OKAY! I CAN HOLD HER! JUST--
THOSE ARE THE LAST WORDS EVER UTTERED BY THE MAN LUKE SKYWALKER KNOWS ONLY AS BLUE SIX.
BUT BIGGS HAS FOUGHT BESIDE LT. TONO PORKINS FOR LONG WEEKS AND MONTHS, AND HE KNOWS SUDDENLY WHAT IT MEANS TO LOSE... A FRIEND.
SO LONG, PIGGY.
YOU WILL BE AVENGED!

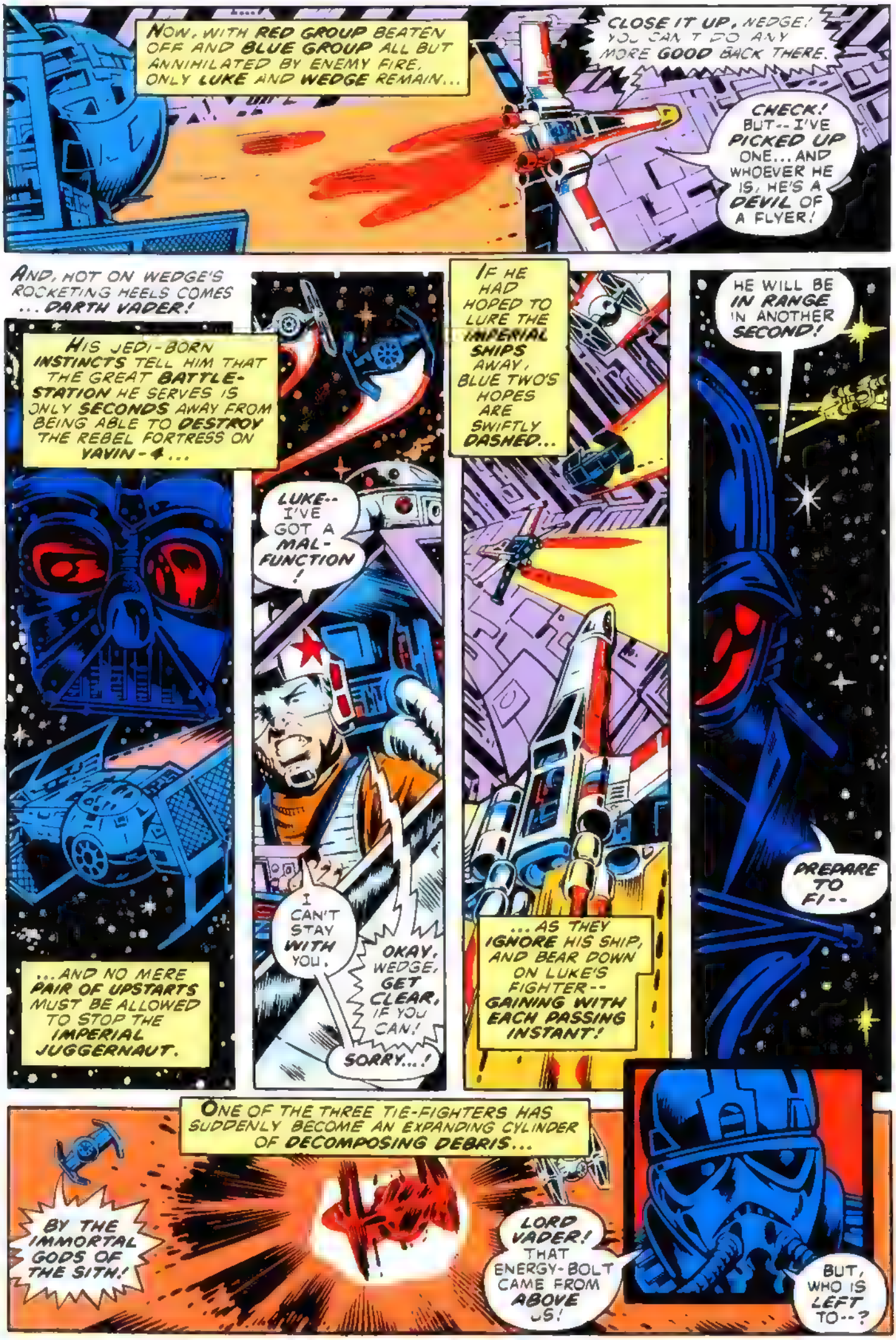

AT THAT MOMENT, BLUE LEADER COMMENCES HIS OWN APPROACH TO THE DEATH STAR'S SURFACE...
... HIS TWO WING-MEN SO FAR BEHIND HIM THAT HE SEEMS ALONE IN THE VAST GRAY TRENCH WHICH LEADS TO THE TARGET THERMAL EXHAUST PORT AHEAD.
SUDDENLY, INTENSE STREAKS OF LIGHT SHOOT CLOSE BY, AS THE TRENCH DEFENSES OPEN UP--
FOOM
--AND NEAR MISSES BATTER BLUE LEADER'S WING-MEN. FOR WHAT SEEMS AN ETERNITY!
THEN, JUST AS ABRUPTLY, THE ENERGY-BOLTS CEASE, AND ALL IS SILENT AND DARK AGAIN IN THE TRENCH.
THIS IS IT!
THEY MUST HAVE TURNED OFF THE FIREWORKS FOR A REASON.
CHECK! KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR--
IMPERIAL FIGHTERS!
THERE THEY ARE-- COMING IN AT .35!
YET, SEEING THEM IS NOT THE SAME AS EVADING THEM--
--AS THE FOREMOST OF THE EMPIRE'S SHIPS DOWNS FIRST ONE WING-MAN, THEN THE OTHER, WITH LETHAL PRECISION!
SPWEEE
AND... WITHIN THAT SHIP...
...DARTH VADER'S EYES DOUBTLESS NARROW, THEY FALL UPON THE SCREEN-IMAGE OF BLUE LEADER HIMSELF...
HE'S GETTING TOO CLOSE TO OUR VULNERABLE POINT!
YOU TWO GO BACK!
I SHALL HANDLE HIM PERSONALLY!


I'M IN RANGE! TARGET IN SIGHT.
IF I CAN JUST--
NOW!
AAAA
BLUE LEADER'S PROTON TORPEDOES WERE LAUNCHED A MICRO-SECOND BEFORE THE FATAL ENERGY-BOLT FROM THE LORD OF THE SITH SENT HIS SHIP HURTLING DOWNWARD TO SMASH BRILLIANTLY BUT HARMLESSLY AGAINST THE DEATH STAR HULL.
PERHAPS IT IS MERCY, OF A SORT, THAT HE WILL NEVER KNOW THAT HIS TORPEDOES MISSED THE TWO-METER TARGET BY THE MEREST FRACTION.

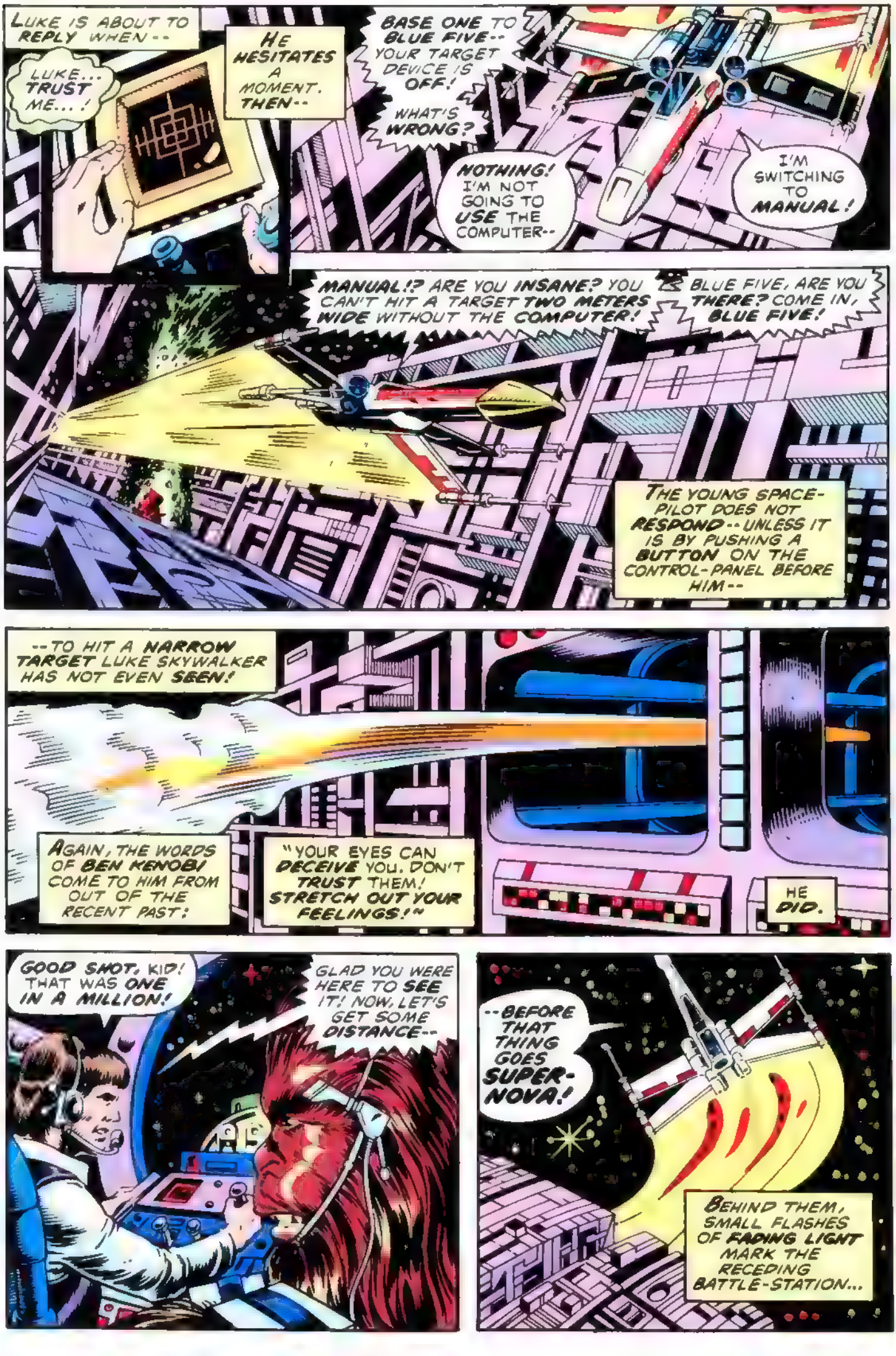
LOOKING DOWN, LUKE FOR THE FIRST TIME FEELS THE TRUE HELPLESSNESS OF HIS SITUATION...
WE'VE... LOST BLUE LEADER.
HE SCARCELY CARES IF HIS WORDS ARE HEARD BACK ON YAVIN FOUR.
NOW, THERE IS JUST HIMSELF...
...AND WEDGE...
...AND BIGGS.
OKAY, YOU TWO-- THIS IS LUKE-- BLUE FIVE...
CLOSE IT UP! WE'RE GOING IN!!

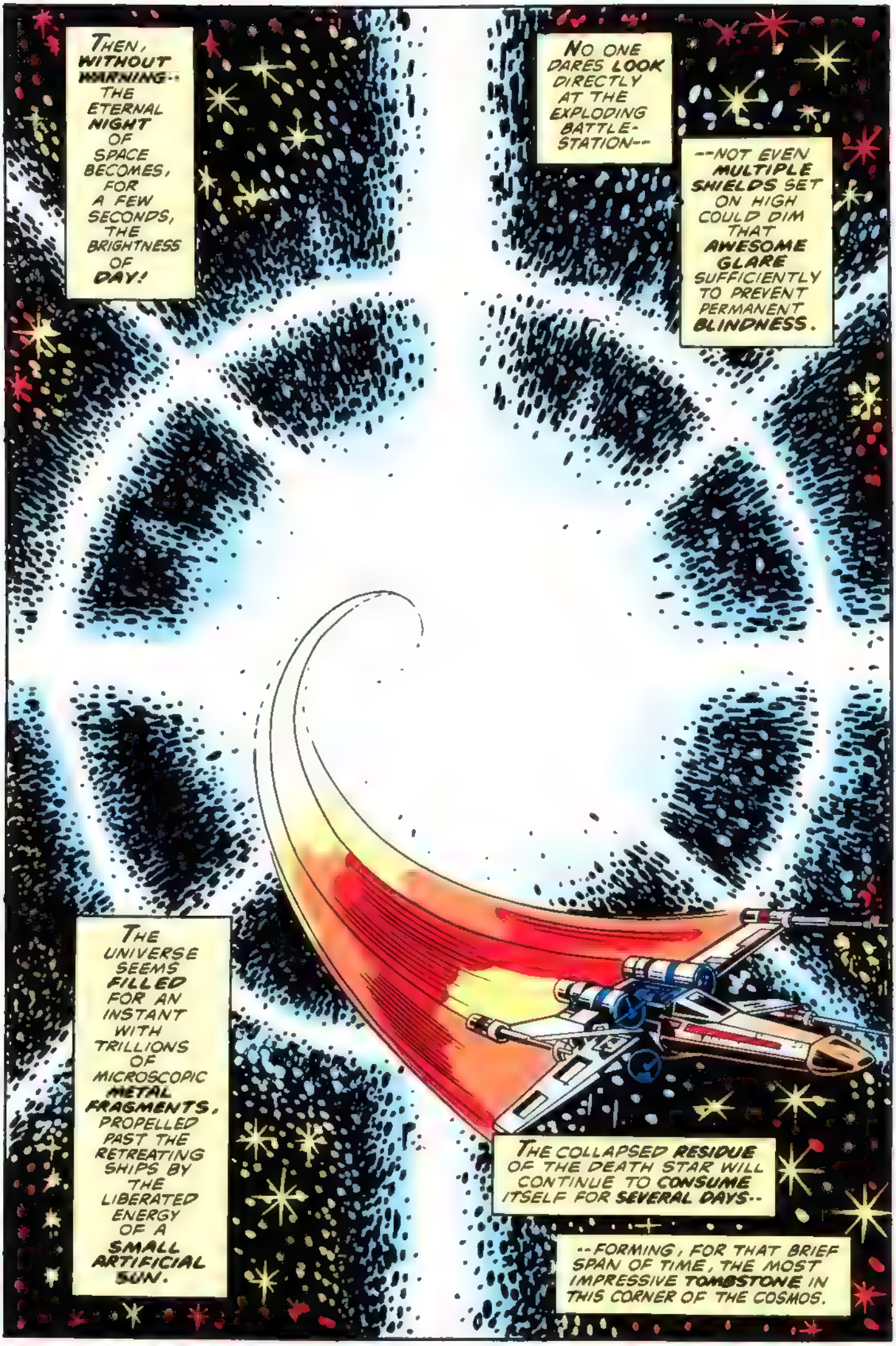

AND DEEP INSIDE THE DEATH STAR...
GOVENOR TARKIN-- I HAVE CHECKED ALL COORDINATES, AS YOU ORDERED... AND I FIND THAT THERE IS A DANGER, HOWEVER SMALL.
SHALL I HAVE YOUR PERSONAL CRAFT STAND BY FOR POSSIBLE EVACUATION?
EVACUATE? NEVER!
THE VERY IDEA IS TREASONOUS.
WE SHALL PREVAIL-- IN THE NAME OF THE GALACTIC EMPIRE!
WHILE, OVERHEAD, LUKE SKYWALKER HAS SUDDENLY DISCOVERED THAT ONE OF HIS KEY INSTRUMENTS IS MALFUNCTIONING...
BLAST! IF ARTOO CAN'T PUT ME BACK IN TOUCH WITH COMPUTER CENTRAL BACK ON YAVIN-4--
--I'LL HAVE TO AIM THE PROTON TORPEDOES MANUALLY, AND THAT'S NOT AS ACCURATE AS--
TRUST YOUR FEELINGS, LUKE--!
HUH? WHO--?
IT IS A YOUNG-OLD VOICE WHICH SOUNDS IN HIS EARS... A FAMILIAR VOICE...
...A VOICE AT ONCE CALM, CONFIDENT, CONTENTED... AND REASSURING.
A VOICE HE HAS LISTENED TO INTENTLY ON THE DESERT OF TATOOINE... AND ELSEWHERE.
BEN! BEN KENOBI!!
THEN-- MAYBE HE WASN'T KILLED BY DARTH VADER'S LIGHTSABRE, AFTER ALL!
MAYBE HE MERGED, SOMEHOW, WITH "THE FORCE"-- AND HE'S HERE WITH ME IN SPIRIT-- RIGHT NOW!
THEN MAYBE THERE'S A CHANCE FOR US, AT THAT-- EVEN AGAINST DARTH VADER AND THE DEATH STAR!
WEDGE-- BIGGS-- WE'RE GOING IN-- FULL THROTTLE!
IT'LL BE JUST LIKE BEGGARS' CANYON BACK HOME!
WE'RE WITH YOU, BOSS!
YOU WORRY ABOUT TARGET ZERO-- WE'LL HANDLE THOSE IMPERIAL FIGHTERS FOLLOWING US INTO THE TRENCH!

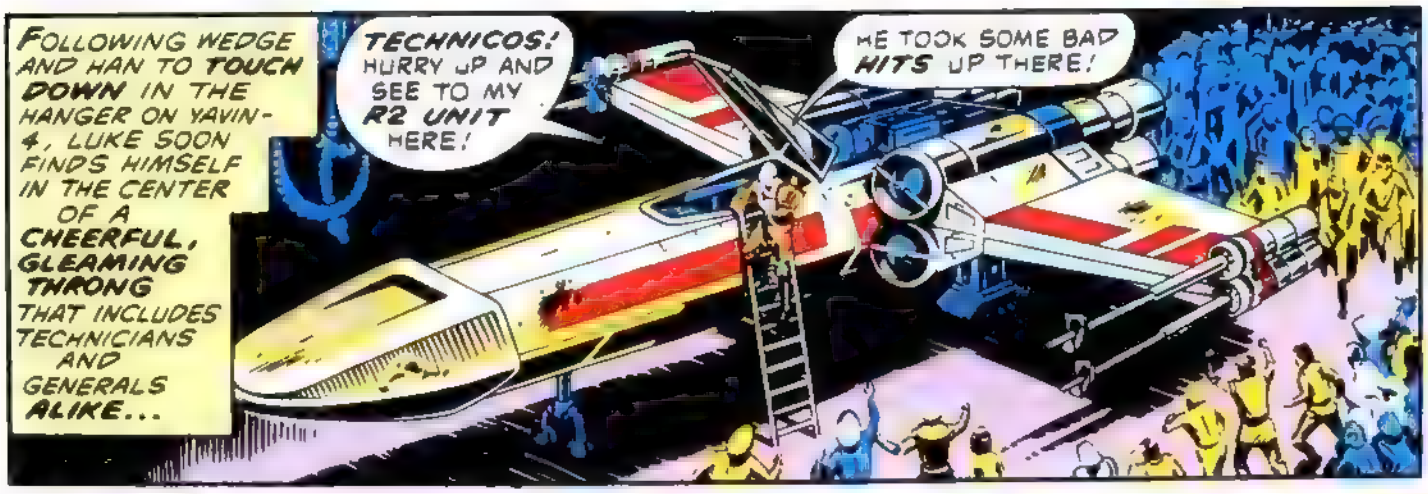

BLUE THREE HERE--WE SEEM TO HAVE UPSET THEM! WE--
BIGGS! THERE'S ANOTHER ONE ON YOUR TAIL!
WEDGE AND I CAN'T DROP BACK TO COVER YOU THIS TIME--!
THEN DON'T!
CONCENTRATE ON HITTING THAT EXHAUST PORT, AND BLOWING THAT STATION TO KINGDOM COME!
THAT'S THE ONLY THING THAT M--
JUST THEN, WITH INHUMAN PRECISION, DARTH VADER DEPRESSES THE FIRE-BUTTON OF HIS SHIP AGAIN --
--AND A LOUD, DESPERATE SHOUT SOUNDS OVER THE SPEAKERS--
YAA
SKREEEEE
--BLENDING INTO A FINAL AGONIZED SCREAM OF FLESH AND METAL--
--AS BIGGS' X-FIGHTER BURSTS INTO A BILLION GLOWING SPLINTERS THAT RAIN DOWN UPON THE BOTTOM OF THE NIGHT-DARK TRENCH!
LUKE! WE LOST BIGGS! DO YOU COPY?
WE LOST BIGGS!!
I... COPY, BLUE TWO! NOW SHUT UP--
--AND KEEP ON FLYING!
WHAT WAS IT LUKE SAID TO BIGGS, A SHORT ETERNITY AGO?
"YOU'LL ALWAYS BE THE BEST FRIEND I'VE GOT."


NOW, WITH RED GROUP BEATEN OFF AND BLUE GROUP ALL BUT ANNIHILATED BY ENEMY FIRE, ONLY LUKE AND WEDGE REMAIN...
CLOSE IT UP, WEDGE! YOU CAN'T DO ANY MORE GOOD BACK THERE.
CHECK! BUT--I'VE PICKED UP ONE... AND WHOEVER HE IS, HE'S A DEVIL OF A FLYER!
AND, HOT ON WEDGE'S ROCKETING HEELS COMES ...DARTH VADER!
HIS JEDI-BORN INSTINCTS TELL HIM THAT THE GREAT BATTLE-STATION HE SERVES IS ONLY SECONDS AWAY FROM BEING ABLE TO DESTROY THE REBEL FORTRESS ON YAVIN-4...
...AND NO MERE PAIR OF UPSTARTS MUST BE ALLOWED TO STOP THE IMPERIAL JUGGERNAUT.
LUKE--I'VE GOT A MAL-FUNCTION!
I CAN'T STAY WITH YOU.
OKAY, WEDGE, GET CLEAR, IF YOU CAN!
SORRY...!
IF HE HAD HOPED TO LURE THE IMPERIAL SHIPS AWAY, BLUE TWO'S HOPES ARE SWIFTLY DASHED...
...AS THEY IGNORE HIS SHIP, AND BEAR DOWN ON LUKE'S FIGHTER--GAINING WITH EACH PASSING INSTANT!
HE WILL BE IN RANGE IN ANOTHER SECOND!
PREPARE TO FI--
ONE OF THE THREE TIE-FIGHTERS HAS SUDDENLY BECOME AN EXPANDING CYLINDER OF DECOMPOSING DEBRIS...
BY THE IMMORTAL GODS OF THE SITH!
LORD VADER! THAT ENERGY-BOLT CAME FROM ABOVE US!
BUT, WHO IS LEFT TO--?

THEN, FROM OUT OF YAVIN'S SUN, OR SO IT SEEMS, COMES A NEW THREAT, FOR WHICH THE PURSUING TIE-FIGHTERS ARE NOT PREPARED:
A SPACE-FREIGHTER THAT DOES NOT MOVE LIKE A FREIGHTER, SOMEHOW-- BUT FASTER--SURER.
ITS NAME IS THE MILLENNIUM FALCON--
--AND ITS CAPTAIN, HAN SOLO, IS ONE OF THE BEST PILOTS IN THE GALAXY!
THE FALCON'S INTERVENTION CAUSES VADER'S WING-MAN TO VEER OFF SUDDENLY, STRIKING HIS LORD'S SHIP AS HE GOES!
THEN, AS THE WING-CRAFT IS OBLITERATED AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE TRENCH, THE REMAINING SHIP GOES SPINNING OFF INTO THE BLACKNESS--
ABOARD IT, DARTH VADER FINDS HIMSELF WHIRLING AROUND, HIS INSTRUMENTS SHATTERED, HIS VESSEL WILDLY OUT OF CONTROL--
--AND HEADING OUT INTO THE ENDLESS REACHES OF DEEP SPACE!
THEN, OVER HIS HEAD-PHONES, LUKE SKY-WALKER HEARS STILL ANOTHER FAMILIAR, WELCOME VOICE:
YOU'RE ALL CLEAR, KID!
NOW BLOW THIS THING, SO WE CAN ALL GO HOME!
GRONK!


LUKE IS ABOUT TO REPLY WHEN--
LUKE... TRUST ME...!
HE HESITATES A MOMENT. THEN--
BASE ONE TO BLUE FIVE-- YOUR TARGET DEVICE IS OFF!
WHAT'S WRONG?
NOTHING! I'M NOT GOING TO USE THE COMPUTER--
I'M SWITCHING TO MANUAL!
MANUAL!? ARE YOU INSANE? YOU CAN'T HIT A TARGET TWO METERS WIDE WITHOUT THE COMPUTER!
BLUE FIVE, ARE YOU THERE? COME IN, BLUE FIVE!
THE YOUNG SPACE-PILOT DOES NOT RESPOND -- UNLESS IT IS BY PUSHING A BUTTON ON THE CONTROL-PANEL BEFORE HIM--
--TO HIT A NARROW TARGET LUKE SKYWALKER HAS NOT EVEN SEEN!
AGAIN, THE WORDS OF BEN KENOBI COME TO HIM FROM OUT OF THE RECENT PAST:
"YOUR EYES CAN DECEIVE YOU. DON'T TRUST THEM! STRETCH OUT YOUR FEELINGS!"
HE DID.
GOOD SHOT, KID! THAT WAS ONE IN A MILLION!
GLAD YOU WERE HERE TO SEE IT! NOW, LET'S GET SOME DISTANCE--
--BEFORE THAT THING GOES SUPER-NOVA!
BEHIND THEM, SMALL FLASHES OF FADING LIGHT MARK THE RECEDING BATTLE-STATION...


THEN, WITHOUT WARNING-- THE ETERNAL NIGHT OF SPACE BECOMES, FOR A FEW SECONDS, THE BRIGHTNESS OF DAY!
NO ONE DARES LOOK DIRECTLY AT THE EXPLODING BATTLE-STATION--
--NOT EVEN MULTIPLE SHIELDS SET ON HIGH COULD DIM THAT AWESOME GLARE SUFFICIENTLY TO PREVENT PERMANENT BLINDNESS.
THE UNIVERSE SEEMS FILLED FOR AN INSTANT WITH TRILLIONS OF MICROSCOPIC METAL FRAGMENTS, PROPELLED PAST THE RETREATING SHIPS BY THE LIBERATED ENERGY OF A SMALL ARTIFICIAL SUN.
THE COLLAPSED RESIDUE OF THE DEATH STAR WILL CONTINUE TO CONSUME ITSELF FOR SEVERAL DAYS--
--FORMING, FOR THAT BRIEF SPAN OF TIME, THE MOST IMPRESSIVE TOMBSTONE IN THIS CORNER OF THE COSMOS.

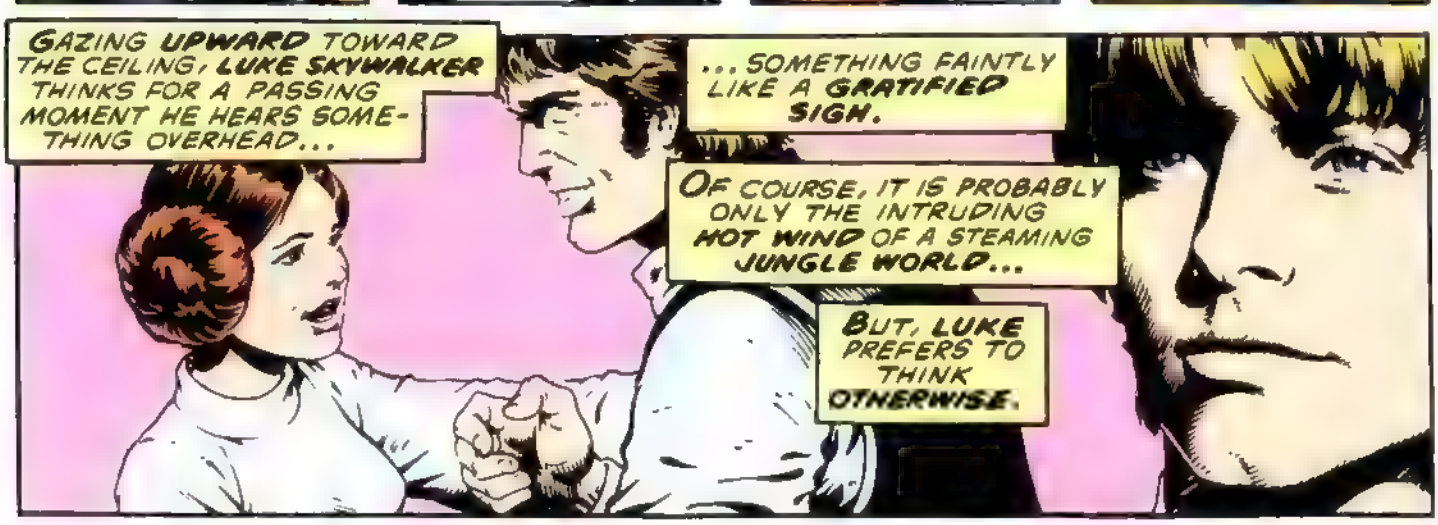

FOLLOWING WEDGE AND HAN TO TOUCH DOWN IN THE HANGER ON YAVIN-4, LUKE SOON FINDS HIMSELF IN THE CENTER OF A CHEERFUL, GLEAMING THRONG THAT INCLUDES TECHNICIANS AND GENERALS ALIKE...
TECHNICOS! HURRY UP AND SEE TO MY R2 UNIT HERE!
HE TOOK SOME BAD HITS UP THERE!

OH MY! ARTOO, CAN YOU HEAR ME? YOU CAN REPAIR HIM, CAN'T YOU?
WE'LL DO OUR BEST.
YOU MUST!
IF ANY OF MY CIRCUITS OR GEARS WILL HELP, I'LL GLADLY DONATE THEM!

HAN, YOU OLD SPACE-DEVIL! I KNEW YOU'D COME BACK IN TIME TO KEEP ME FROM WINDING UP SPACE-DUST!
WELL, I COULDN'T LET A FLYING FARMBOY GO UP AGAINST THE DEATH STAR ALL BY HIMSELF, COULD I?
BESIDES, I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO GET ALL THE CREDIT!

AND, AS THEY LAUGH, A LITHE FIGURE, ROBES FLOWING, RUSHES UP TO EMBRACE LUKE IN A VERY UNSEN-ATORIAL FASHION.
YOU DID IT, LUKE!
YOU DID IT!!

AND YOU, YOU BIG CORELLIAN--I KNEW THERE WAS MORE TO YOU THAN MONEY!
ONCE IN A WHILE, PRINCESS--
ONCE IN A WHILE!


GAZING UPWARD TOWARD THE CEILING, LUKE SKYWALKER THINKS FOR A PASSING MOMENT HE HEARS SOME-THING OVERHEAD...
...SOMETHING FAINTLY LIKE A GRATIFIED SIGH.
OF COURSE, IT IS PROBABLY ONLY THE INTRUDING HOT WIND OF A STEAMING JUNGLE WORLD...
BUT, LUKE PREFERS TO THINK OTHERWISE.

Epilogue: IN THE VAST AND ANCIENT CHAMBER, THE BANNERS OF MANY WORLDS FLUTTER... WORLDS WHICH HAVE LENT SUPPORT TO THE REBEL ALLIANCE DURING ITS MOST DIFFICULT DAYS.
TODAY, HUNDREDS OF REBEL TROOPS AND TECHNICIANS STAND ASSEMBLED IN PRESSED UNIFORMS AND POLISHED SEMI-ARMOR, TO HONOR THOSE WHO STOOD AGAINST THE MIGHT OF THE GALACTIC EMPIRE.
AND, AT THE FAR END OF AN OPEN AISLE, STANDS A VISION IN WHITE--
--THE PRINCESS LEIA ORGANA.
IT TAKES A FULL MINUTE FOR THE TRIO OF FIGURES AT THE OTHER END TO COVER THE DISTANCE TO THE RAISED DAIS WHERE SHE STANDS...
...AND SEVERAL TIMES, IT SEEMS AS IF THE GIGANTIC, FURRY ONE WILL BOLT AND RUN!
THEN, WORDLESSLY, PRINCESS LEIA PLACES GOLD MEDALLIONS FIRST AROUND HAN SOLO'S NECK...THEN LUKE SKYWALKER'S.
CHEWBACCA THE WOOKIEE, TOO, WILL HAVE HIS OWN MEDAL... BUT HE WILL HAVE TO PUT IT ON HIMSELF.
FEW SPACE-PRINCESSES ARE THAT TALL.
THEN, JOINED BY A FULLY REPAIRED ARTOO-DETOO AND A BEAMING SEE-THREEPIO...
--THEY STAND AWASH IN THE CHEERS AND SHOUTS OF A GRATEFUL ALLIANCE!
WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS FOR THESE SIX DARING SOULS, ONLY TIME AND THE SPACE-WINDS KNOW.
BUT, FOR TODAY... FOR NOW... THEY ARE CONTENT.

CLASSIC

STAR WARS®

A NEW HOPE

Production sketches

CLASSIC

STAR WARS®

A NEW HOPE

CLASSIC

STAR WARS®

A NEW HOPE

CLASSIC

STAR WARS®

A NEW HOPE

CLASSIC

STAR WARS®

A NEW HOPE

CLASSIC

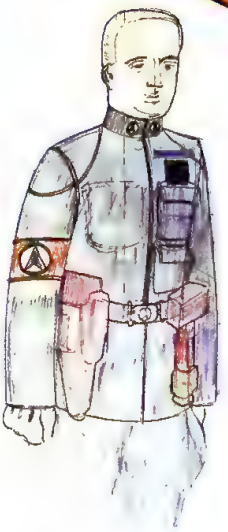
STAR WARS®

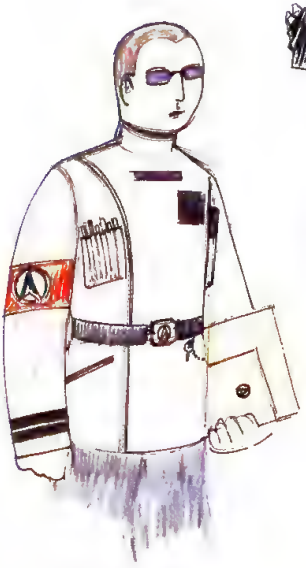
A NEW HOPE

CLASSIC

STAR WARS®

A NEW HOPE



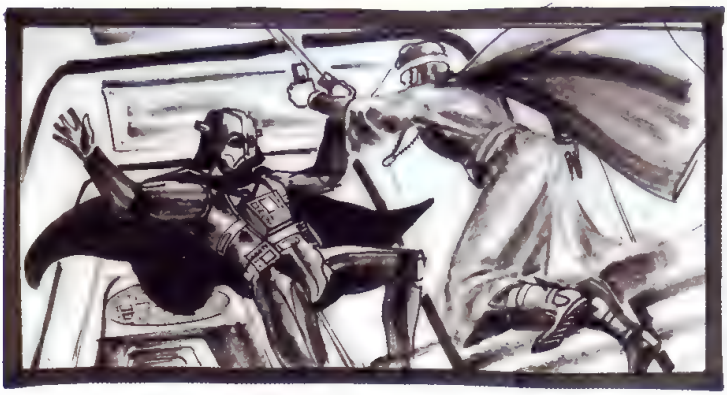


CLASSIC

STAR WARS®

A NEW HOPE

CLASSIC STAR WARS®
A NEW HOPE



CLASSIC

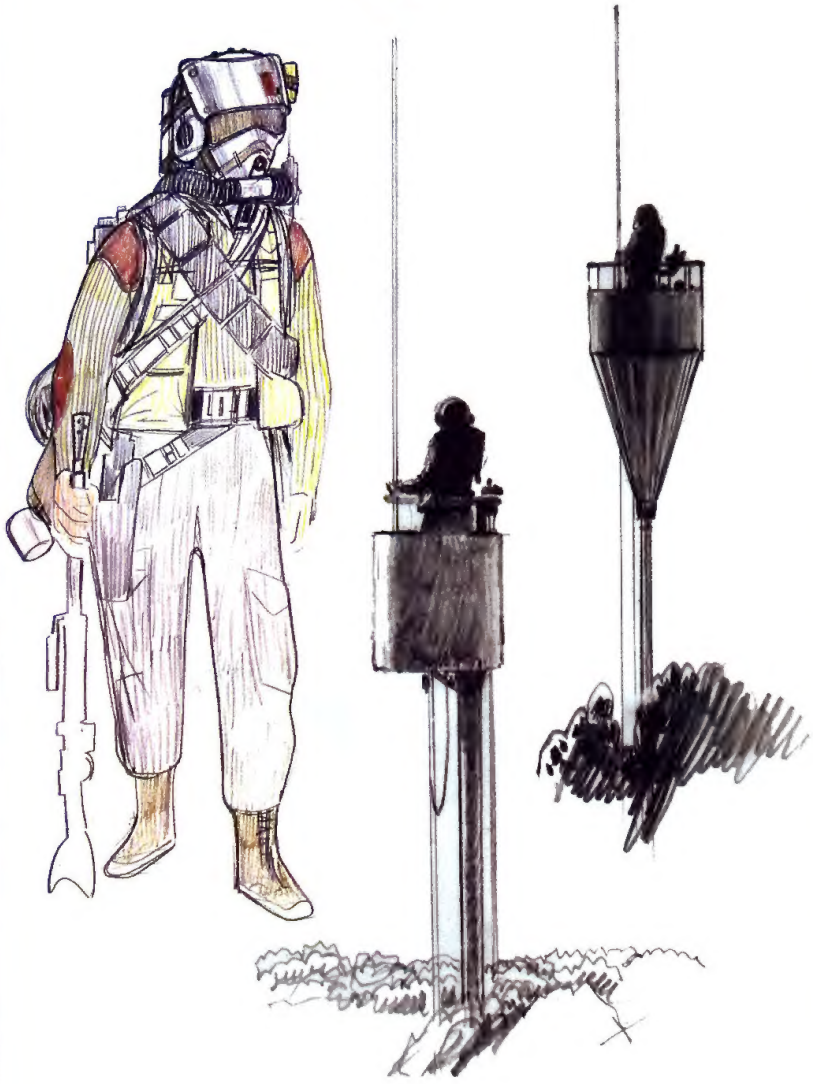
STAR WARS®

A NEW HOPE

CLASSIC

STAR WARS®

A NEW HOPE



IN OCTOBER

From comics, to books, to trading cards, to magazines, the battle for the Galaxy is coming your way!

Don't be caught with your lightsaber down!

DARK HORSE COMICS®

Star Wars® is ™ and ©1994 Lucasfilm, Ltd. All rights reserved. Used under authorization. Text and illustrations for Star Wars® are ©1994 Lucasfilm, Ltd. Dark Horse Comics® and the Dark Horse logo are registered trademarks of Dark Horse Comics, Inc. All rights reserved.

support the companies that produce quality comics.
if you enjoyed this product buy it... I did ;)

scanned by

STEF.C.UK2